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IONA, STAFFA, AND FINGAL'S CAVE.

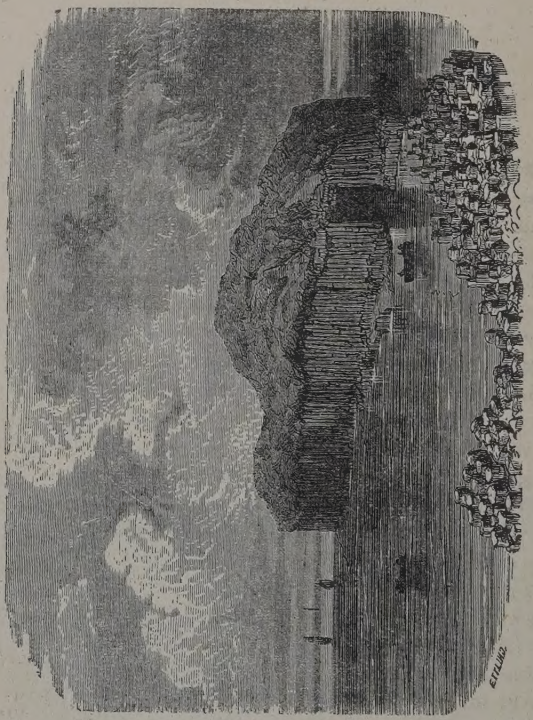
THE south-western isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations, of any part of Great Britain. The little steamer *Iona* leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which throng the busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birthplace of the patron saint of Ireland. According to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Saints. Satan, enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dumbarton Rock, crowned with its lofty castle, 560 feet in air. To the left is the Port of Greenock, in whose quiet "God's-acre" sleeps the dust of "Highland Mary," the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Tyne, we enter Crinian Canal, which saves a *detour* of seventy miles around the Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and crags, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban.

From Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer, for the passage is often very rough, conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill,

the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth—but here burned for long ages the beacon fire of the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland, and the patron saint of that land, till he



ISLAND OF STAFFA.

was superseded by St. Andrew. This boy was Colum, or Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estate, in fulfilment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered osier boats, he reached

Iona's lonely isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts; his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their pillow. The sea-girt isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their frail osier barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda; to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic books, bells, and crosses, have been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.*

The island has no harbour, and only one very rude pier; visitors, therefore, must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fisher-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising 70 feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. "That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdee faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

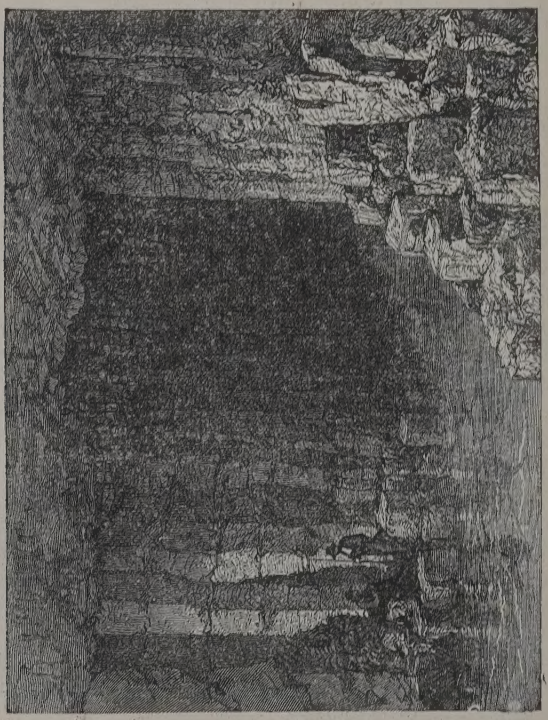
Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, amid an archipelago of sister islands:—

> "Ulva dark and Colonsay,
> And all the group of islets gay,
> That guard famed Staffa round."

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It

* See Withrow's "Romance of Missions,"—the Conversion of Britain.

is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire façade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honey-combed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave,



FINGAL'S CAVE.

the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof thirty feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises

and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tesselated pavement of the floor will be observed.

Re-embarking and threading a labyrinth of islands, we skirt the rugged coast of Mull. Near Callioch Point is seen Sunepol House, where the poet Campbell resided as a tutor in his youth, and where he composed his "Exiles of Erin," and much of the "Pleasures of Hope." In his elegy, also written here, he tells us how much his romantic imagination was fed by the

> "White wave foaming to the sky. . . .
> The dark blue rocks in barren grandeur piled."

Gliding through the winding and cliff-bordered Sound of Mull, we have on the left hand Ossian's wild country of Morven, a land of mists and mountains, of crag and fell; and on the right, majestic Mull, rising in the lofty peak of Benmore to the height of 3,000 feet. The little hamlet of Tobermory is the capital of the island. If its size cannot command our respect, the blended beauty and grandeur of its surroundings must extort our admiration.

At the entrance to the Sound is "Lady's Rock," visible only at low water. Here Maclean of Duart, whose grim old castle appears on our left, exposed his wife that she might be carried away by the flowing tide. The tragic story is finely told by Joanna Baillie, in one of her poems. We now enter again the land-locked harbor of Oban, and soon experience again, amid the crowded streets of Glasgow, the sharp transition from the romantic associations of the past, and the sublimities of nature, to the eager rush of the present, and the handiwork of man.

FAITH.

FAITH, like the dove her plaintive prayer uplifting,
Soars to my Father's firmament of blue;
Bathed in His light, she sees the vapours rifting,
And breathes to Him her lowly vow anew.

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

FROM THE DEAD SEA TO GALILEE.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

ARAB ENCAMPMENT.

IN about an hour after leaving the Dead Sea, we arrived at the fords of the Jordan. For some distance the river is hidden from view by thickets of willows, balsams, and tamarisks. The noontide heat was oppressive, and we were glad to cast ourselves under the shade of the trees, near the pilgrims' bathing-place. There were two other small parties of ladies and gentlemen picnicking close by. The stream is from eighty to a hundred feet in width, and its turbid water flows by in a strong current. Its depth varies at different seasons, but at that time it was about eight feet in the centre. In its course from the Sea of Galilee, sixty miles away, its meandering track measures about two hundred miles; and in that distance it has a descent of seven hundred feet. Through most of its course, it forces its way through a narrow gorge, but, where we were, the bank on the western side is low, while that on the east is rather lofty, and intersected with ravines. Our bathe in the river, in spite of the muddy water, and the sharp stones, and the swift current, was delightful. It soon washed away the uncomfortable incrusting of Dead Sea salt, and seemed to me somewhat like bathing in oil.

Near this spot tradition locates the crossing of the Israelites into the Promised Land. As the priests, bearing the ark of the Lord, came to the river's edge, the conscious waters, obedient to

the power that set them flowing, halted in their rapid course. They halted and surged back against the upper floods, and so the

VALLEY OF THE JORDAN.

way was opened for the thousands of exultant hearts to enter Canaan. Near here, in later days, it is supposed, the Master

stood, while the rippling wavelets kissed His feet, and the water of baptism flowed down His head; and as the voice from heaven was heard, "This is my beloved Son," the Spirit, dove-like in form and motion, came upon him. And at such a spot, also, might well come to tear-dimmed eyes, the vision of John Bunyan's pilgrim, struggling through "the swellings of Jordan," while on the far-off heights beyond are seen the jasper walls and golden streets of the heavenly city, and down at the water's edge the white-robed messengers, waiting to welcome the warrior HOME.

An hour's ride due west over the Plain of the Jordan, brought us to the site of ancient Jericho. On our way we crossed a pretty babbling stream, which is said to be the brook Cherith, of whose waters Elijah drank when hiding from Ahab's wrath. We also passed through Er Riha, a little village of mud huts, said to be on the site of the ancient Gilgal.

Our camp was pitched at the foot of one of the mounds which mark the site of ancient Jericho. From its base flows a copious stream of clear, fresh water, called to this day the Fountain of Elisha. There is no reason for doubting the tradition that it is the one whose bitter waters were made sweet at the word of the prophet. I ascended the high mound in the calm of the evening hour, and again in the early morning, "to view the landscape o'er." Very striking is the scene, and very impressive are the memories associated with it. Around the spot where I was seated, the hosts of Israel marched for seven days; and the walls fell with thunderous crash before their faith's triumphant cry.

About a mile and a half to the south, on the banks of the Cherith, Herod the Great erected the modern Jericho, a city associated with the names of the notorious Antony and Cleopatra, who exercised some kind of proprietary right over the land. A holier memory is also linked to it; for through the groves of palm, and balsam, and sycamore that surrounded the city, came the Lord of Life, speaking the sight-conferring words to blind men by the wayside, and bringing salvation to the house of Zaccheus, the publican.

Behind us, to the west, half a mile away, stretches the line of lofty Judean hills—brown, harsh, rugged, and uninviting. Mons Quarantania is desolate enough to have been the scene of

the Saviour's temptation. Up one of those ravines—the Wady Kelt, the ancient Achor where Achan was stoned—lies the path leading up to Jerusalem, an ascent of three thousand feet in

POOLS OF HESHBON.

fifteen miles. Perhaps no one passes through it without being reminded of the man who fell among thieves, and was befriended by the Good Samaritan.

To the eastward is spread before us the Plain of Jordan, about ten miles in length from where the hills of Judea dip their feet into the river, to the Dead Sea, and in width about seven miles from where we stand to the hills of Moab. Here and there it is diversified by clumps of bushes and flowing streams. It has a soil of inexhaustible fertility, and only needs proper cultivation to become again "a field which the Lord hath blessed." It is said that in the middle ages the nuns of Bethany derived from the tropical produce of their farm near here, an annual income of $25,000. Were the country to be placed once more under a good government, people would no longer think that to be sent to Jericho was an unmitigated evil.

East of the Jordan lies the lofty table-land of Moab, rich in pastures, diversified by a few mountain peaks. From one of those summits the prophet of Pethor looked down and cried, "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!"

Yonder, too, is Pisgah. Again, in fancy, we behold the seer and law-giver—the old man of 120 years, with eye undimmed and strength unabated, climbing to the mountain-top. He gazes long upon the wished-for land of rest, of which, for forty years, he had been dreaming. To the south there meets his eye the barren desert, scene of so many weary wanderings; to the north, the snow-clad peaks of Lebanon raise their lofty summits; to the west, his view is bounded by the wide-spread waters of the blue Mediterranean, while immediately before him lies the land of beauty and promise. What contrasts of colour were there! The bright blue of the sky commingling in the distance with the deeper blue of the sea; the dull gray of the sands setting in relief the green of the feathery palm, and the darker foliage of the orange; the white-walled cities gleaming brightly against the rich brown of the hills! What contrasts of hill and valley, of plain and mountain, of rocky wastes and fruitful groves! He looks and is content. There his people shall become a nation, strong and prosperous; and there the kingdom of God shall be set up in power and glory. As for him the valley of the Jordan lies at his feet, and the deep gorge of the Dead Sea. His work is done. He is content, and breathes his spirit home to God. It was wisely ordained that no man should know of his sepulchre unto this day. Hero-worship soon deepens into

idolatry; and Moses is spared the humiliation which has befallen weaker saints:—

> "O lonely grave in Moab's land!
> O dark Beth-peor's hill!
> Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
> And teach them to be still.
> God hath His mysteries of grace,
> Ways that we cannot tell;
> He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
> Of him He loved so well."

Through this wilderness of Moab, unvisited by us, the Wady Heshbon pours its flood into the Jordan. The waters of the stream, arrested by rocky obstructions, collect in deep, dark pools, which are probably the key to the simile in the song of Solomon, "Thine eyes are like the fish-pools in Heshbon."

Returning to the camp, we bade farewell to the band of free-booters that had acted as our body-guard during the night. Tall, erect, wiry, swarthy in face, and black of hair, head covered with the many-coloured *kefiyeh*, and black *burnous* hanging loosely from the shoulders, they are picturesque enough in their native wilds; but they are a great set of rascals. Woe to the luckless wight who ventures without a proper pass or guard into their territory!

Our journey that day was along the path by which Israel went up to the assault of Ai, and was very wearisome. We were led by steep hills, deep valleys, ragged ravines, narrow, crumbling sheep-tracks, along shelving slopes and perilous spots, where we were forced to dismount, and then over ploughed fields and stone-covered moors, until we came to Bethel. Camping in a large, dry reservoir, close by the miserable little village of Beitin, we saw nothing but stones to remind us of the vision that came to Jacob. Now-a-days it seems as if the angels never visit the spot. From the hill-top we caught our last glimpse of Jerusalem, twelve miles away, bathed in the light of the setting sun; and in the morning turned our faces toward Galilee.

Our ride northward was at first over a very rough road, if road it could be called. It seems as if the farmers of the neighbourhood make it their business to pile a large portion of the useless stones of their fields upon what passes for the public highway. An unthrifty lot of men these farmers are. Any-

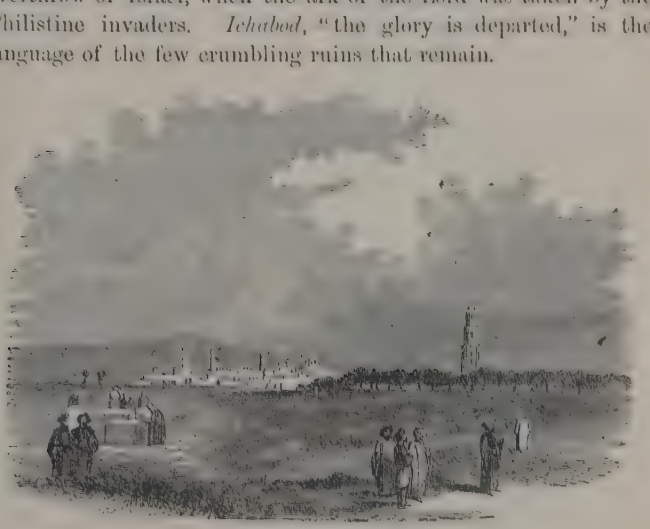
thing with them will do for a make-shift; nor have they the slightest idea of taking thought for the welfare of others. "Why do you not plant trees to shade your houses?" was asked of one. "What is the use," he replied, "we should not live to sit in the shade." "But your children would." "Then let them plant them," said the man, settling upon his haunches, with a look as if wisdom would die with him.

ORIENTAL IRRIGATION.

The great need of these eastern lands is irrigation. Where this is secured the country is a garden, where it fails it is a desert. Great pains are taken to secure artificial irrigation by means of tanks, pools, and conduits. Frequently large wheels, with buckets, are used to raise the water, and often a simpler arrangement, like our old-fashioned well-sweep, is used, as shown in the cut, which represents a frequent scene on the banks of the Nile.

Two hours after leaving Bethel, we watered our horses at the

Robbers' Fountain, whose springs trickle from the face of the crag into little rock-hewn basins, shadowed by moss and maidenhair ferns. A pretty dell it is, but with an unpleasant reputation. Our course then lay for miles amid groves of fig and olive trees. We passed by the hill on which Shiloh once stood—the first permanent resting-place of the tabernacle. It is ever associated with the memory of Eli and Samuel, and of the terrible overthrow of Israel, when the ark of the Lord was taken by the Philistine invaders. *Ichabod*, "the glory is departed," is the language of the few crumbling ruins that remain.



Ramleh or Arimathea.

After a pleasant ride through the beautiful open vale of El Mukhnah, rich in orchards and growing crops, we drew nigh to Nablous, the ancient Shechem or Sychar. It is situated in a fertile valley, having Mount Ebal on the north and Mount Gerizim on the south. At the entrance to this valley is the celebrated well of Jacob, memorable forever, in that the Saviour sat upon it as He spoke to the woman of the water of life. There is nothing special in its appearance, and a few feet from the surface it is arched over, so that we could not measure its depth. About half a mile to the north is a small mausoleum, said to cover the tomb of Joseph. These fields and hills were familiar to him when a shepherd boy; and so, when dying, a prince in far-off Egypt, his heart yearned toward his boyhood's home,

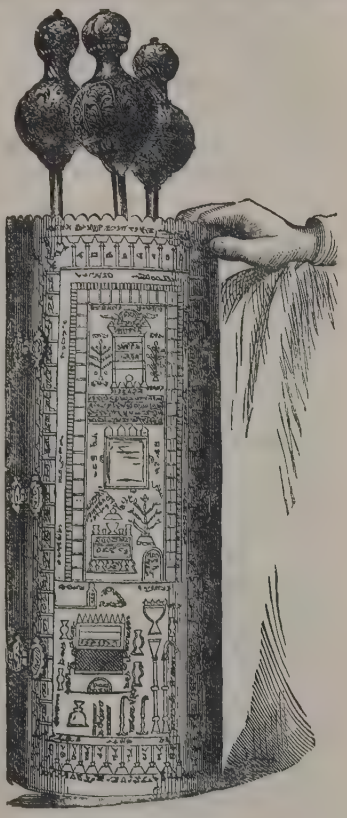
and he demanded that his form should be laid at rest amid the haunts that were so dear to memory.

The shades of evening were coming upon us as we rode up the fertile and beautiful valley. The mountains rise on either hand to the height of about seven hundred and fifty feet above the plain. On the summit of Gerizim once stood the old Samaritan Temple, rival to that at Jerusalem; and there the rites of the Passover are still annually observed with the utmost minuteness. At a point in the valley where each mountain falls back in a deep recess, is the most likely site for the alternate utterance of the blessings and curses by the tribes in the days of Joshua. Passing the barracks, where the Turkish soldiers were lounging, or at their games, we entered into the gate of the city, and rode in single file through its narrow, roughly-paved street, to the camp on the other side. The population of Nablous is about 20,000, nearly all Mohammedans. They have the reputation of being very rude and insulting to strangers, but we observed nothing but a bold curiosity, natural enough, as our little procession passed by. Thanks, perhaps, to our Turkish guard, we passed a quiet night.

Our first business the next morning was to visit the Samaritan synagogue. This very peculiar sect is now reduced to the number of 120, and is likely before long to disappear, unless they break through the rigid rule not to marry outside of their own tribe. Their synagogue we found to be a small, plain stone building, in a retired part of the town. In lieu of requiring us to take off our shoes, the matting was rolled to one side, and then we were permitted to enter and inspect the treasure which they prize so highly. A large silver-mounted cylindrical case was opened, and inside, mounted upon two rollers, we beheld a very ancient copy of the Pentateuch. It is said that there is hidden here a still more ancient copy, reputed to have been written by a grandson of Aaron, but this is not shown to visitors except upon payment of an extravagant fee. After gratifying our curiosity, we were led by our conductor, the Protestant missionary of the town, to his apartments, where we were favoured with a brief statement of his mission work in this difficult field.

Hastening back to camp, we set out on what proved to be a very interesting morning's ride. Our course for six or seven

miles lay through narrow but fertile valleys, until we came to Samaria. It stood on a hill completely surrounded by valleys—a position remarkable for strength and beauty. For two hundred years the capital of the kingdom of Israel, the city was then, as also in the days of Herod the Great, noted for the splendour of its buildings; but, as the prophet predicted, her glorious beauty was but a fading flower. "Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God." Crumbling courses of stones, broken-down terraces, and a portion of Herod's great colonnade, tell the tale of glory departed. We made the circuit of the hill by the road leading to the summit, and found a few minutes sufficient to inspect all that remains to be seen. Our course for the rest of the day lay among the rounded hills of Ephraim. The road led us near the site of Dothan, famous in Joseph's history. This is very likely the way by which the Midianite caravan passed down to Egypt. These lateral valleys are still a favourite pasture for the flocks, and we were again and again reminded of the lessons gathered by our Saviour from these pastoral scenes. Still does the shepherd go before the flock and call his sheep by name; still does he carry the lamb in his arms and protect the flock from the destroyer. Still do the sheep know the voice of their shepherd, and flee to him when any stranger draws nigh. The sheep and the goats go out from the fold together, but when they arrive at the pasture-ground, the shepherd divides them, sending



Samaritan Pentateuch.

the goats to the uplands to feed, while the sheep remain in the richer pasture below.

That evening our camp was pitched at Jenin, the ancient Enganim. Long before we reached it, we found ourselves in a country of groves, gardens, and orchards, where the olive, almond, and pomegranate abound. As we drew nigh to the camp, we were surprised to see, close by our tents, a confused mass of men and women, some shouting or singing, and others waving palm branches. It was a crowd of Greek pilgrims, on their way from Galilee to Jerusalem. They were performing the journey mostly on foot, and camped every night under the canopy of heaven. As darkness came down upon us, the hillside was made bright with their camp fires, while from little groups came the sweet evening hymn, before they lay down to rest. Like Isaac's herdsmen of old, our camp-men had to contend with them for a place to pitch the tents, and when conversing with the commander of the Turkish guard, I could see him scowling and grinding his teeth at them, for they were Russian. Long before we arose in the morning, they had disappeared.

Our journey the next day was over the wide-spread plain of Esdraelon. At the outset we crossed a clear, sparkling stream, flowing through the little village of Jenin, and making part of "that ancient river, the river Kishon," which finds its way into the sea close to the base of Mount Carmel. The distance from Jenin to Nazareth is about fifteen miles. To the east the plain is divided into three branches by Mount Gilboa and Little Hermon. It has for centuries been the battle-ground of nations. From the time when "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," to the days of Napoleon, the field has echoed to the crash of chariots or the thunder of artillery. What hosts have met in embattled array! What blood of brave men has stained the soil!

If properly cultivated, the plain would bear crops to meet the wants of thousands; but with the exception of two or three miserable villages, it is given up to desolation. Licensed plunder, in the way of taxation, and unlicensed plunder, in the way of raiding, have accomplished their work. The Bedouin is especially to be dreaded. He pitches his tent where he pleases, and lays his hands upon whatever excites his cupidity. At their funerals, in the recital of the virtues of the deceased, the follow-

ing is generally included: "He was a good man; he could steal by moonlight and in the dark."

A short ride brought us to Gilboa, celebrated in David's famous threnody over Saul and Jonathan: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places; how are the mighty fallen!"

At its western end is a small, miserable village, representing the ancient city of Jezreel, where, in all likelihood, stood the ivory palace of the wicked Ahab. Close by is shown, at a venture, the field of Naboth, foully done to death that the grasping king might gain the possession.

Oriental Shepherds.

From the northern slope of the hill flows a stream, which tradition says is the very one from which Gideon's three hundred men lapped the water, and then went forth to discomfit the hosts of Midian. Crossing a somewhat wet and swampy part of the plain, we came to the little village of Shunem, at the western end of Little Hermon. A few yelping, mangy curs, and some naked brown children, welcomed our approach. Passing amid the mud huts and dust heaps, we dismounted in a shady orange-grove for luncheon. During our two hours' rest, we read again the story of the woman of Shunem. Not far away is the field where the child was taken sick. Yonder in the distance is Mount Carmel, whither she hastened in her distress to seek the

help of the prophet. How vivid the story becomes when read upon the spot!

From Shunem, a few of our party turned eastward, along the north side of the hill, to little Nain. Tombs are to be seen in the face of the hill, possibly such as were there when Jesus met the funeral of the young man, "the only son of his mother," and, with a word, turned the mourning into joy. Three miles to the east is Endor, near which is shown a cave, still haunted by the memory of Saul and the witch, and of the ghost of Samuel, fateful and overwhelming. Very beautiful is the sight of Tabor, three miles to the north, lifting its noble rounded form to the height of a thousand feet above the plain, and having its green slopes dotted with bushes and clumps of trees.

A ride of about four miles brought us to where the road climbs the high hill which stands as a massive rampart to secluded Nazareth. Two or three miles farther north we looked down upon a pretty dell, at the farther end of which appeared the white buildings of the town. We found our tents pitched amid lofty hedges of the cactus, and there we quietly and happily spent the hours of that Saturday evening and of the Lord's day. Sweetly came to us in the morning the sound of the church bells. As I awoke, hearing the patter of many feet, I looked out and saw two little lads taking a flock of kids and lambs to their pasture, and I could not but think of the time when Jesus, as a boy, wandered about these hills and valleys. And so all through the day. His memory, ever fragrant, went with me. For nearly thirty years this place had been His home, and amid its humble, homely associations, He had "increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man." Tradition has, as might be expected, sown its seed in this fruitful soil. Under the Latin Church is shown the grotto of the annunciation, and in rear of it a cavern, called the Virgin Mary's kitchen. The Greek Church sets up a rival grotto. So also as to the precipice down which His foes sought to cast the Saviour. The Latins take you to a precipice two miles away; the Greeks point to one opposite the village; and others, with more reason, conduct you to one in the rear of the town. The attempt is also made to palm off a little workshop as Joseph's, and a large flat stone as the dining-table of the disciples. We were thankful that at least the rocks and hills were genuine. The village is

modern, and built entirely of stone, and has a population of about 5,000. The inhabitants are a fine, healthy-looking lot of people, and are nearly all nominally Christian. The chief place of resort seems to be the village fountain, and at the evening hour we found quite a group of laughing, chattering maidens, gathered to fill their jars. I have no doubt they look forward

THE SEA OF GALILEE, WITH VIEW OF TIBERIAS.

through the day with a good deal of pleasure to that evening symposium, when they may have a delicious half-hour of village gossip. Of course we drank from the fountain, of whose waters Jesus had so often partaken.

In the afternoon we climbed the hill on whose lower slope the village is built. From its summit, about 400 feet above the valley, we had a delightful view over the surrounding country.

To the south lay the Valley of Esdraelon, bounded in the distance by the hills of Ephraim, and the long line of Carmel jutting boldly into the sea; to the west the blue waters of the Mediterranean, sparkling brightly in the rays of the afternoon sun; to the east, the Valley of Jordan and of the inland sea, bounded in the distance by the hills of Gilead; to the north, an undulating and mountainous country, looked down upon by the snow-clad heights of Lebanon. All around extends a beautiful and fertile region, once thriving and populous, now silent and desolate. Yet over it is the charm of a memory that never passes away, and our hearts were stirred within us as we looked upon the scenes that the Master loved.

On the Monday morning we set out again, refreshed with our Sabbath's rest. The little village of Kefr Kenna, four miles to the north, was our first halting-place. I will not debate the question whether it is the true Cana of Galilee or not, suffice it, that in a poor little church we were shown one or two large stone jars, as proof that it was just here the conscious water changed to ruddy wine. There is a good deal of that kind of irresistible proof in this logical country. Turning eastward, we drew nigh to the Sea of Galilee. A few of us, forsaking the path, rode over the moor through grass and weeds reaching to the horses' girths, to what is known as the Horns of Hattîn, otherwise the Mount of Beatitudes. Tradition locates here the preaching of the famous Sermon on the Mount. The spot is famous also in crusading times, for here on a hot day in July, 1187, the last stand was made by the champions of the cross against the Saracen foe, until the slain were piled in heaps, and the country lay prostrate at the feet of the Moslem conqueror.

A graceful gazelle, bounding over the moor, gave us an idea of the desolate character of the neighbourhood. A half hour's ride brought us to the edge of the hill overlooking the sea. The whole lovely valley lay open to our view. The placid waters of the lake, the hills rising on every side, with varying slope, the contrasted green of the valleys, with the dun and ruddy hues of the hills, the white walls of Tiberias, seemingly rising from the blue waters of the sea, presented a scene full of charm to the eye.

Riding quickly down the steep slope, across the plain, and past the cracked, earthquake-shaken walls of Tiberias, we found our tents pitched by the margin of the lake.

THE ART OF MODELLING.

THE FALCON AND HIS VICTIM.

ONE of the most attractive features of the Chatauqua Assembly of 1880, was the Art Studio of Prof. Spring, the sculptor, where he gave lessons in the art of modelling. During the time allotted to visitors, his room was crowded with delighted observers. It was simply marvellous to see him take a piece of clay and in a few minutes mould it into the form of a human head. "What expression shall I give it?" he asked. "Give it

PACIFIC SCHOOL

a comic expression," we said; and in a minute he made an admirable "laughing faun." He called attention to the fact that as the bones of the head are rigid and unalterable, the whole facial expression comes from the play of the muscles, and illustrated his remarks by changing a grave, or even austere expression, into one of mirth, by slightly modifying the muscles of the mouth.

During the six weeks of the Assembly, he instructed classes in the delightful art of modelling, and around the walls of the room were numerous specimens of the work of those amateurs —chiefly medallion faces in low relief, busts, and little animal figures and fruit pieces—many of which exhibited much skill and talent. The art is by no means difficult, and is really a very delightful accomplishment. All the material and apparatus required, are a mass of well-kneaded potter's clay, a smooth board, and a few little modeller's instruments.

Modelling is the great preliminary to sculpture, and demands far more artistic skill. Indeed, many great sculptors employ workmen to embody in marble the ideas which they have moulded in clay. Visitors to the Philadelphia Centennial will remember the beautiful medallion of "Iolanthe Dreaming," moulded in butter!—a degradation of art only equalled by Michael Angelo's carving at the command of Pope Julius II., a statue out of snow.

Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, was very fond of *bas reliefs;* his famous medallions of "Night and Morning," and "The Four Seasons," will be familiar to many. The frieze of the Parthenon, in the British Museum, is probably the finest work of the sort extant—the action of the horses is superb. Many of the marble pulpits and altar pieces of Italy have also exquisite reliefs. But unquestionably the finest modern example is the series of one hundred and sixty-nine figures, representing the great poets and artists of every age, on the base of the Albert Memorial at London.

The example given at the beginning of this article, shows the effect which can be produced by this mode of treatment. A falcon has darted, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, upon its trembling victim, a wild duck, which is its favourite prey, striking it with the utmost precision at the vital part, between the shoulder and the ribs. In proportion to its size, the falcon

is the most courageous and powerful of birds. It will attack and conquer another much larger than itself, and has been known to fly a thousand miles in a day. It attains a great age, having been known to live one hundred and eighty years. (The crow, of the same family, is characterized by similar longevity; hence Bryant's phrase, "The century-living crow.") This fine group recalls that gallant mediæval sport, the "gentle craft" of falconry, which figures largely in old English romance and poetry.

A high authority has said that in no way can we so well apprehend the old classic spirit and character, as by a study of classic sculpture. No grander revelation of ancient art exists than that in the galleries of the Vatican and Capitol, at Rome, and in the royal museum of Naples. The marble seems to breathe—the stony drapery to float upon the breeze. The *chef d'œuvre* of ancient art, in our judgment, is unquestionably the Venus de Milo, in the Louvre—more beautiful than the Apollo, more sublime than the Laocoon. It is not a mortal, but a celestial being, with her calm, eternal smile, unmarred by the convulsions of two thousand years, on which you gaze. Happily, by means of the excellent casts in almost every museum, most of us can become familiar with those highest triumphs of human art. The genius of Christianity lends itself far less readily to sculpture than to the gentler art of painting. There was no place in the Christian system for such representations as the glorious sun-god, Apollo, or the lovely Aphrodite, or the sublime majesty of Jove. Yet were there two Christian sculptors who, we think, were equal to any of classic times. The "Moses" of Michael Angelo, and the "Christ" of Thorwaldsen, are, we judge, unsurpassed by any extant work of Greek or Roman art.

Although to few it may be given to carve the marble into forms of ideal grace, yet to each of us is vouchsafed a grander opportunity—to mould for eternity an immortal soul. Let us, therefore, keep ever before us the Divine Model, and seek, day by day, to be transformed from the image of the earthly, and conformed to the image of the heavenly. Let us seek to apprehend by our spiritual vision, and to realize in our lives the truth expressed in the exquisite little poem of Bishop Doane:—

Chisel in hand a sculptor stood,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream passed o'er him:

He carved it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone:
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand,
With our souls, uncarved, before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.
If we carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel-vision.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XVIII.

Seven years' divisional operations of the London Wesleyan Committee, in Upper Canada, from 1840 to 1847; Reconciliation and re-union of the English and Canadian Conferences; its causes and results.

THE English Conference having determined to secede from the Union which it had entered into with the Canadian Conference in 1833, and to commence aggressive operations upon the Canadian Conference, and its societies and congregations, a special meeting of the Canadian Conference became necessary to meet this new state of things, to organize for resenting the invasion upon its fields of labour and to maintain the cause for which they had toiled and suffered so much for more than half a century.

The prospects of the Canada Conference were gloomy in the extreme; their paucity of ministers, and poverty of resources in comparison to the English Conference, besides numerous other disadvantages; but the Ministers of the Canadian Conference with less than a dozen individual exceptions, had hearts of Canadian oak, and weapons of New Jerusalem steel, and deter-

mined to maintain the freedom of their Church, and the liberties of their country; whatever might be the prestige or resources of their invaders; and "according to their faith it was done unto them;" out of weakness they waxed strong. They sowed in tears, they reaped in joy. Their weeping seed-sowing was followed by rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.

The narrative of the state of things and of the work at this crucial and eventful juncture, is thus given by the late Rev. John Ryerson, who begins with the proceedings of the Special Conference held in Toronto, October, 1840:—

"The Conference now proceeded to reorganize itself, and to make arrangements for carrying on the work committed to their charge as aforetime. The Rev. Thomas Whitehead was elected President and the Rev. John C. Davidson as Secretary. At the same time that the Conference was holding its sessions, the English Missionary District was being held in the Richmond Street Church, under the Presidency of the Rev. J. Stinson, who had been President of the Canada Conference up to this time.

"Ten of the Canadian ministers withdrew from the Canadian Conference and joined the English Missionary District Meetings. This was a heavy blow to the Canada Conference, but other preachers were employed and all the appointments maintained as had been made at the commencement of the Conference year at Belleville. There were nine Indian missions under the care of the Missionary Society; six of these remained under the superintendency of the Canada Conference; but three went to the Missionary District, the missionaries being two of the ministers who left the Canada Conference to join the British Conference.*

"The Canada Conference had no missionary funds independent of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; so that our Conference was left responsible for the support of the six Indian Missions and eight Domestic Missions without a farthing to support them.

* *Note by E. Ryerson*, 1880. – Among the ten who seceded from the Canada Conference to the London Wesleyan Committee, was the venerable William Case, who took no part in the crusade against his old Canadian brethren, but who wished to live in peace and quietness, with the supply of his wants assured him in his old lonely Indian Mission at Alnwick (once called Aldersville), near Cobourg, isolated alike from the white inhabitants and from other Indian tribes, where he continued until his decease.

"The deep and painful anxiety felt, in view of these sorrowful events, will never be known until the day of the revelation of all things. A short time after the adjournment of Conference, the Revs. A. Green, J. Ryerson, J. Scott and E. Ryerson, with as many lay members of the Church, met in an upper chamber at Mr. J. R. Armstrong's, to consult respecting the present exigency, and to devise means for the support of the Indian and Domestic Missions. It was finally concluded to commence a subscription among ourselves, and then, that the Rev. J. Ryerson, and the Rev. Peter Jones, should be a deputation to visit and hold Missionary Meetings (as far as possible) in all the circuits and stations throughout the Connexion. These brethren were enabled by the 'good hand of God upon them,' to perform the onerous duty committed to them, during a tour of four months' continuance. They visited all the circuits situated between London and Bytown (now the City of Ottawa), preaching every Sabbath, from one to three sermons, and holding from three to six missionary meetings during the week, besides travelling many long and tedious journeys.

"The people gave liberally, in most places bountifully, and in some instances munificently; so that at the close of the year, it was found that *upwards of one third more had been contributed in the Province for Missionary purposes, than had ever been contributed before in any one year.* Thus did the Lord provide, and the hands of His servants and people were strengthened."

I have stated above that the English Missionary District was held in Toronto, at the same time as the Canada Conference. They were enabled to send preachers and missionaries to most of the principal places in the country, and supply their Indian Missions by employing the ten preachers, who had left our Conference, besides Messrs. Stinson, Hashard, Lang and Redney, and one or two others whom the London Missionary Committee had sent to Canada. Several other preachers were immediately in the field. Thus were the societies again divided, and sections were made in Kingston, Belleville, Peterboro', Toronto, Barrie, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Goderich, Guelph, and several other places. Every year during the six succeeding ones of the disruption, the Missionary District was increasing the number of its preachers, and enlarging the sphere of its operations. The work of discord and confusion increased in proportion,

and even Indian Missions shared in the strife, and disputations arose amongst these helpless children of the woods.

"The sympathy of the great body of the people in Canada was with the Canada Conference. But the prestige of the English *name* [especially with the lately-arrived emigrants], the patronage and countenance of the Provincial Government, and the ample funds of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in England, were with the District Meeting. The schisms and heart-burnings from the large societies, down to the domestic circles, were distressing beyond expression, and most painful to every lover of peace in the family of Christ.

But certainly the state of the Church during these six years of divisive conflict was not altogether evil. There was much good done; the preachers were very zealous; and, although in many instances, Christ was doubtless, preached through envy and strife, yet *Christ was preached*, and many souls were saved. The preachers were devoted to the one great work of spreading holiness over the land, and God was manifestly with them. During the six years the aggregate increase in the Church membership connected with the Canada Conference was 6,622. The increase in the Missionary District I do not know. But during one of the six years, 1845, there was a decrease of 803—a diminution in members which was very saddening to the hearts of preachers who met in Conference that year. But dark and gloomy as these times were, I never lost the hope, and I may say the belief, that Providence, often duly chastising us, would in some way terminate these calamities. Under this impression I kept up a correspondence with Messrs. Lord and Stinson, also with Dr. Alder, during the whole of the disruption, and a few letters were written to Dr. Richey. At the Kingston Conference of 1846, a constant and strong conviction was upon my soul, that the time had come for some steps to be taken towards conciliation and effecting a re-union in some way.

This thought was made the subject of consultation with a number of the preachers, and was finally brought under the consideration of the Conference. After much discussion a Committee was appointed to consider it, and directed to report the result of their deliberations to the Conference. The Committee after several meetings and viewing completely the

subject in all its bearings, adopted and reported resolutions favourable to seeking reconciliation, by correcting the misunderstandings between the two bodies. The Committee also recommended the appointment of a deputation to the British Conference. The report was adopted by a large majority of the Conference, and the Rev. J. Ryerson, and the Rev. A. Green were chosen representatives.

On arriving in London, we obtained interviews with the Missionary Secretaries and other leading ministers, but these interviews elicited nothing favourable or encouraging respecting the object of our mission. We were treated as strangers, or parties in whom no one had any interest. Many a sorrowful and anxious hour did the deputation pass during these dark days of discouragement. Yet we were not entirely despondent, but resolved to go forward and meet the Conference which was to commence at Bristol, the 27th of July, 1848. On the second day of the session, Messrs. Ryerson and Green were respectfully received and requested to take seats on the platform ; but they were not requested to address the Conference on the subject of their mission, or any other subject ; indeed they were virtually disallowed doing so throughout the whole session of the Conference. However, they sought every possible opportunity for private conversation with the ministers, especially the leading ones. After being in Bristol ten or twelve days, I sent a note to Dr. Alder, requesting an interview with him ; this was granted. I then embraced this opportunity of laying before him all the troubles in Canada, in *every* point of view, their causes, origin, progress, results, &c., &c., and most earnestly and affectionately pressed on his consideration the terrible magnitude of the evil, and the indispensable duty of those who possessed the power to terminate the strife ; that he (Dr. Alder) should at once undertake the pacification of the contending parties; that as he had the power to restore peace, on him would rest the responsibility if this wicked and ruinous warfare continued. Dr. Alder was greatly affected and gave me his promise and his hand to use his utmost exertions to end the discord, and have the questions of dispute settled by such arrangements as would most probably prove beneficial to both parties.

As I have already said, the questions at issue were not dis-

cussed in the British Conference; but a large Committee of most of its leading members was appointed, to whom was referred the whole subject, with full power to act in behalf of the Conference.

This Committee met in London, four or five weeks after the Conference, and immediately entered upon the business for which they were convened. The consideration of this business engaged their most earnest attention for several days, during which time all the troubles in Canada were impartially and prayerfully investigated—nothing set down in anger or malice —nothing kept back on either side. Dr. Richey from the Canada District Meeting, was present and took part in all the discussions, [but against the Canada Conference.] The final result was, the adoption and passing, by a unanimous vote, the resolutions which *now* contribute the Articles of Union between the British and Canadian Conferences and which are published in the Book of Discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. Dr. Alder was sent out to the Canadian Conference, appointed to be held at Toronto, June, 1847. The Canada District assembled in Richmond Street Church at the same time. The Rev. E. Wood, (now Dr. Wood) from New Brunswick, accompanied Dr. Alder, and was made a great instrument of good in assisting to adjust differences. Several members of the Canadian Conference were opposed to any settlement or re-union with the British Conference. A pamphlet was published, signed by four of the ministers, professing to review the revised Articles of Union, which had been laid before the public on the return of the representatives from England. This pamphlet was a fallacious and shallow production which was fully proved in the course of the discussions in Conference. The great and good measure was at length unanimously sanctioned by the Conference, with one, or two, or three exceptions.

The Canada Missionary District was not so well agreed for the restoration of peace, or for the adoption of the resolutions which had been passed to promote it. Their discussions were long and vigorous; but Dr. Alder succeeded ultimately in bringing the meeting to a satisfactory acquiescence, although several of the preachers requested to be removed from the Province to Lower Canada, or elsewhere—a request which was immediately granted.

Thus ended the unnatural strife which had agitated the Church in every part of the country during six long, dark, and painful years. The foundation was laid for union on broad, just, and catholic principles, which have proved so effective in promoting the unity, harmony, and prospects of the Church, and which we trust will sometime bind the two branches of the same family together as long as the militant church is destined to exist.

Note.—These papers on Canadian Methodism which, during the last eighteen months, have appeared in this MAGAZINE, will shortly be published in a book of nearly 500 pages, together with copious additions and footnotes, and a "Supplementary Statement," by Dr. Ryerson.

THE END.

MY COMPANIONS.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instructions with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

—*Southey.*

HOW I LEARNED TO PREACH EXTEMPORE.

BY GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, D.D.

I HAVE approached the details of my experience with funereal step, in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, and because one ought to hesitate when he is about to tell the whole truth about himself. I will delay no longer; but take the fatal plunge into the wintry bath of the confessional. I chose my subject during the week preceding my crucial Sunday morning, with great care, and divided it into three parts, so clear that apparently no amount of embarrassment could dispossess me of my train of thought. I made several pages of notes, enough, indeed, to furnish me with four or five sermons at the present time. They were written on foolscap, in a large, boyish hand, to obviate the necessity of using my glasses, and the main heads were heavily underscored, so that at a glance I could see all the salient points. I felt reasonably sure of myself, and had so little dread of the future, whose events very kindly refrained from casting their shadows before, that I even enjoyed a triumphant feeling, which, however, was not destined to permanency. Three times I went to the sea shore, a few miles distant, and delivered the sermon to the tide with considerable force and success, and the only wonder in my mind at the remembrance is that the waves did not recede with unusual haste. They were certainly either over-partial in their judgment or else supremely indifferent, or it would have been low tide in an incredibly short time, and I should have been left on the shore alone, the ocean having shrunk from me as far as possible. Even when I was walking up the broad aisle of the church, through the midst of a large congregation, such a thing as a disaster took merely the shape of a vague improbability. My rather serene state of mind at that time is ample proof of the kindness of Providence toward those who are walking on the edge of a precipice, by blinding their eyes until the inevitable calamity befalls them.

Once fairly in the pulpit, however, matters assumed a very different and much more serious aspect. I suddenly became despondent and even hopeless. I looked at my notes; but they did not present that perspicuous continuity which I had expected.

My brain was soon in a whirl of excitement, and seemed to throb like a large pulse; and the probability that I was on the brink of irretrievable ruin, which had heretofore been only a momentary and ghastly vision, began very rapidly to assume the shape of a certainty. If I could only get back to my study, I thought, and clutch the poorest among my many discarded manuscripts, I should be the happiest man on the earth. A man must be in a forlorn condition, indeed, when the poorest sermon he ever wrote seems a priceless boon, far beyond his reach. I now think I must have looked about anxiously for a crack in the floor, through which to disappear; and I am sure that I should have felt supremely grateful if some base-born but Heaven-sent wretch had suddenly appeared and cried, "Fire!" in order to disperse the people.

How fondly I clung to the hymn before the sermon! I read it with sepulchral voice, and wished there had been fourteen verses, instead of four. I never before felt the singular propriety of saying Amen at the end of this part of the service. As the choir sang the last line, I was prompted to ask them to repeat the whole hymn, with a different tune. Never until that moment did I sufficiently appreciate the value of church music, and never until that moment did I wish that the quartette might sing forever. But there is an end to all things, and I devoutly hoped that that supreme moment might not be long delayed.

When I rose again in my place, I read my text with significant deliberation, for I knew that so long as I clung to the words of Scripture I was safe; but what might happen after the congregation had been made sufficiently acquainted with the text, I dared not think. It seemed to me a mistake that I had not chosen for the text the longest chapter in the Bible. In order to make sure of something, I read the verse a second time, and then, in unutterable despair, I read it a third time. I wanted to read it a fourth time; but knowing that if I did, I should be relegated to a lunatic asylum, I closed the Bible and gave myself up to unutterable misery.

If you know how a vessel feels when on a lee shore and within a few hundred yards of the rocks, its cable parted and the howling tempest using the shrouds and ropes as strings of an œolian harp, with which to play a dirge; if you know how a meteoric rock feels when it flies off in a wild tangent from the

parent mass, and is aimlessly hurled through space, becoming red hot with atmospheric friction, you have some slight conception of my state of mind. I may truly say that on that occasion horror did on horror's head accumulate, and that confusion became worse confounded. For a single awful moment suicide seemed to be not simply a privilege, but an imperative duty. I gazed on my notes; but they were so blurred by a trembling optic nerve that the words seemed to have run together. In a voice which could be distinctly heard for half a mile, and under the impression that, if I could only speak loud enough the people would catch my idea, I read these notes one after the other, disconnected as they were, to the amazed congregation. Four pages of catch-words, without a comment, did I inflict on those long-suffering pewholders. It was perfectly evident from their wondering eyes that I had not spoken loud enough for them to catch my idea, or else, dreadful alternative, that there was no idea to catch. I have since observed that, when speakers have nothing to say, they always say it in stentorian tones.

Great beads of perspiration were on my brow, while I shook from head to foot with nervous terror, and was compelled to hold on to the pulpit with both hands for support. When my notes were exhausted, I longed for sudden death. While they lasted, I breathed very thin air indeed; but when they were gone, I began to suffocate, and felt as lonely and homesick as a man who has been transported to the eternal and airless cold of intersidereal space. Raising my voice to a still higher pitch, as though the bulk of my congregation were in Siberia, where I honestly wished they really were, I rapidly told the people everything I had ever thought or dreamed of, everything, relevant and irrelevant, I ever expected to think or dream of, if my life should be spared for several centuries to come, and then reached the grand climax of vocalization with an Amen so loud and resonant, and withal so entirely soul-satisfying, that I have not yet recovered from the effects of it. No man that ever lived has enjoyed the intensity of mingled happiness and misery which filled my heart to bursting when that comforting Amen was on my lips.

What I had been talking about neither I nor any one else had the slightest conception. This sorrowful vagueness was, however, well covered up by the unspeakable relief I felt at having

arrived at a terminus. I looked at the clock, and found that I had been talking, or, rather, screaming, just twelve minutes. I never knew before the exact time required to pour one's self entirely out, leaving not a drop, nor a vestige of a drop, behind. To say that I was empty is to say nothing. I was fearfully, dolefully, supernaturally empty. And this, I said to myself, as I wiped my brow, is what you call extempore speaking. Heaven save the mark! In about four Sundays, I continued, in soliloquy, that kind of extempore speech would enable your diminished number of friends to follow you to the graveyard. They would do so with a serene sense of relief; and, when casting about for a successor, the first question would be: "Do you write your sermons?" If he answered in the negative, they would take him to my resting-place, point to my tombstone, and remark: "Our experience with extempore sermons has not been all that could be desired. The effort to preach without a manuscript killed a promising young man, and came very near killing us. This church is not inclined to encourage a repetition of the experiment, and you had better go somewhere else to die." Thus consolingly did I commune with myself. I had been told that extempore preaching is as stimulating as gymnastic exercise; but I found that it was somewhat over-stimulating to a man of my temperament, and as an exercise I discovered that it was rather violent than healthful.

The worst criticism that was made on my effort was my poor father's silence. I think the old gentleman never suffered so much in so short a time. At the Sunday dinner it was his delight to discuss the morning sermon, and to indicate in a very encouraging and flattering way the portions of it which struck him as peculiarly effective. On this particular Sunday, not the most distant allusion was made to anything that had occurred in the church. Indeed, it was painfully evident that everybody was making the greatest possible effort not to allude to it, and was at the same time afraid that something which was said on another subject might be construed as an allusion to it. Conversation under such embarrassing limitations is not only difficult, but impossible. To talk while standing on the edge of a volcano, and with the consciousness that some trivial expression may possibly have, without your knowing it, a diabolical double meaning, which may start the volcano into vehement

activity, is not the most enlivening task in the world. I was positively burning to talk the matter over, in order to relieve myself, and everybody else was burning to express for my position a profound pity; but it would never do. I was both overwhelmingly crushed and tremendously defiant; but my father and mother took rather a sad view of the matter, and would not for worlds express their real opinions, even if they had had a sufficient command of the English language to do it justice, which they evidently did not have. So I sipped my soup and spoke of the appalling condition of the heathen in Central Africa, and then expressed a very decided opinion that, if the coming winter should prove a very cold one, we should certainly have both snow and ice, and continued by remarking that, if we all lived till spring and summer, the temperature would probably rise, and the snow and ice would possibly melt; to all of which propositions my loving parents gave their quick and cordial assent. In his own original remarks my father expressed great sympathy for sick people, and, without seeing any parallelism, said that his heart always went out with peculiar tenderness toward a family, one of whose members had been suddenly stricken with incurable insanity. The dinner season was, on the whole, far from convivial, and the food eaten, if I may judge from the indigestion of the afternoon, was not especially nourishing.

When, at last, I got into my study, I locked the door, and gave way to mingled emotions, in which positive agony had its place. Such a Sunday afternoon seldom falls to the lot of mortals. I prayed earnestly for the afflicted congregation, that the cause of religion might not suffer on account of my peculiar performance; and for myself, that my aberration, if it was that, might be merely temporary. I looked over a volume of sermons which were said to be extempore; but did not find any that in the remotest degree resembled the one I had just delivered. I took a wretched and cynical satisfaction in the fact that no one would accuse me of cribbing that particular sermon from any celebrated author, because such productions are never printed. I took an equal satisfaction in the fact that, if my own sermon were to be published, there was no one in the wide world who would think it worth while to steal it. It was too original, too unique for that. It would always stand alone, the only one of the kind

ever preached, perhaps the only one of the kind that ever ought to be preached. I turned over the leaves of the dictionary, and caught sight of several objurgatory adjectives which seemed to have a direct personal application. I laughed at the ridiculousness of the situation in a hysterical sort of way, and ended by crying over it as a terrible tragedy.

It is needless to say that in the evening I preached with a manuscript. At the end of the service, an old lady shook hands with me very sympathetically, and expressed the hope that I felt better than I did in the morning. I casually remarked that in the morning I had some difficulty with my head, to which she naively responded that she had suspected it. One of my good deacons also pressed my hand very warmly, and said, in a guarded way, that he feared I had used too much vocal energy in the morning service. I simply answered that I had been somewhat unwell; but hoped to recover during the week. And so the day passed. The recollection of it is burned into my memory as with a hot iron. I can never forget it, and I may add that there are other people in the world who will never forget it either. I think I suffered as much as Marie Antoinette did when, during a single night, her hair turned white.

I afterward looked the matter over very calmly, and determined not to yield the main point. I had made a rush on the enemy, and been repulsed; thereafter I would conduct the battle by slow approaches. Cost what it might, I would yet speak without notes. I determined, with a certain fierceness of will, to learn to think on my feet. I was sure that I had something to say to the people, for I thought earnestly and prayerfully on all religious subjects; and I was equally sure that what I wanted to say it was necessary for them to hear, because it had to do with their spiritual welfare. Ideas as they lay in my mind were perfectly clear; but the very minute I began to express them I became embarrassed. The search for appropriate words, and the necessity of keeping up a steady flow of language, befogged and troubled me. Every day of the week succeeding my failure presented a new and poignant misery. I walked the room for hours at a time, talking aloud, that I might become accustomed to the sound of my voice. I delivered short orations to my study-table; I apostrophized my inkstand; I related all the prominent incidents in my life to a bust of Socrates, and entered

into an argument with a picture of Plato. In a word, I talked myself completely hoarse.

Then I prepared to throw myself into the breach once more, taking care, however, that the breach should not be a particularly dangerous one. I wrote my sermon with great care, leaving the "improvement" to extempore utterance. I knew that, under a stress of circumstances, I could omit "improvement" altogether —that my sermon would be quite long enough without it; and this fact gave me such comfort and assurance that I succeeded passably well. At the end of each sentence I could say Amen, and this fact helped me to the succeeding sentence. When a speaker can stop at any time, he feels quite ready to go on; but when he must go on, the direful necessity renders it impossible to do so. In the evening I left out my written illustrations, and substituted extemporization, without any very grievous errors. Indeed, the second Sunday was so agreeable that I thanked God and took courage.

It is not necessary to speak in detail of the following months of mingled dismay and encouragement. I read of the experiences of the most successful public speakers, and their early failures gave me great comfort. The life of Fox particularly interested me. When he first rose in his place in the House of Commons, he blundered, stammered, and at last sat down in discomfiture. I felt that there was a very tender tie between him and myself. In order to overcome his embarrassment, he resolved to speak at least once on every question that was discussed, and missed doing so during one sitting only. In this way he acquired that fluency of speech, and that intellectual poise while on his feet, which made him famous. Humbly following so great an example, I offered my services on every occasion which presented itself; and, though the committees were sometimes sorry that they had accepted my offer so readily, they were the unconscious means of my gradual improvement. I look back to those days with horror and self-abasement. The motive which urged me was undoubtedly good; but the recollection of the misery and consternation which I have caused in popular assemblies is extremely painful. I sought lecture engagements all over the country, the pecuniary inducement with which I bribed my way into many an ill-fated village being the offer to lecture if my actual expenses were covered. The fact

that I very seldom went to the same place twice, is possibly a sufficient comment on my success. Even my low terms seemed ridiculously extortionate, and no New England town felt justified in taking the risk more than once. I freely but sadly gave my sympathy to those who gathered to hear me; but could not be persuaded to desist. I frequently learned from laudatory advertisements of my advent, which spoke in glowing terms of my eloquence and of other attractive qualities, that it would pay any one to drive through mud and over a rough country road, in in the rain and dark, to hear me speak on the theme of the evening; and I knew only too well the disappointment in store for the audience. They came cheerfully; but I have reason to think they went away in a very different frame of mind. They frequently appeared relieved when the lecture was over; but their sense of relief was nothing in comparison with my own.

If one must suffer all these torments before his time, does the doubtful victory gained pay for the struggle? Years of heart-ache just to get rid of a manuscript; unfathomable misery for the sake of looking an audience in the face! I can honestly answer that it has doubly paid me; first, because it has made me very humble in my estimate of myself, a lesson which ought to be learned at any price; but chiefly because there are moments of indescribable bliss, of unutterable ecstasy in extempore speaking. They come when you are borne along by the swelling tide of religious emotion, which sometimes rushes through the hearts of the congregation. It is then that you speak more effectively than lies within the possibility of pen and ink. They are moments never to be forgotten, when the heavens open and the angels seem to use your poor lips for the utterance of divine truth; when no one is quite so much surprised at what you have accomplished as you are yourself; when you and your people are fused by a holy enthusiasm; and when your pulse beats with a happy throb, that throws new life into every vein and artery. I have never been so near to Heaven as when in the successful exposition of some great text of Scripture, and when, hand in hand, my people and I have stood looking at the cross. These experiences may be rare; but they are worth a lifetime of toil and trouble. While I have not a word to say against the manuscript, and feel that it has many and very pronounced advantages, I dare to offer this plea for extempore

preaching, because I believe it affords to many the largest freedom for the exercise of spiritual influence. I do it all the more urgently because I am convinced that no man who reads this chapter from my biography can suffer the wretchedness and misery which seem to have been reserved for me alone. *Independent.*

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth is the most brilliant epoch in the history of the English race. In arms, in art, in letters, in discovery, it exhibited such achievements as England never knew before. It was like the sudden bursting of spring after a dreary winter. Like a century plant unfolding its perfect flower in a single day, English literature reached its grandest consummation in the writings of the greatest poet of all time. Never had so great a poet so many great compeers. The names of Spencer, Sidney, Greene, Marlowe, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Raleigh, Hooker, Bacon, Burleigh, are a galaxy sufficient to give lustre to any reign. The defeat and the defiance of the power of Spain, and the Union of England and Scotland developed a fervent patriotism that incited the nation to heroic deeds.

Conspicuous among the Elizabethan heroes were the great English sailors, Drake, Willoughby, Frobisher, Hawkins, Gilbert, Raleigh, Cavendish and Grenville, who carried England's flag and fame to remotest lands. It is strange what a tragic fate attended most of these illustrious men. Sir Hugh Willoughby,

* Among the books consulted for this sketch are "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," by Master Francis Fletcher, and "Drake's Last Voyage," by Thomas Maynarde—contemporary narrations; also Froude's, Knight's, Hume's and Green's Histories of the Period. Hakluyt's "Voyages," and Kingsley's "Westward Ho! or the Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh," give glowing pictures of the achievements of the great English sailors of this time.

attempting a north-east passage to China, perished of cold in a harbour in Lapland, and was found with his crew frozen to marble in their oak-ribbed sepulchre. Sir Martin Frobisher, in a vessel of only five-and-twenty tons, explored the straits which bears his name, was knighted for services against Spain, and died of a wound received at Brest. Sir John Hawkins, as we shall find, died of chagrin and grief at sea. Sir Richard Grenville, with a single ship, for fifteen hours fought fifty-three Spanish sail at the Azores, and though desperately wounded, repulsed them fifteen times, and then "with joyful spirit" died. Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of Christian chivalry,* met his early and glorious death on the field of Zutphen. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half brother of Raleigh, after colonizing Newfoundland, foundered in mid-ocean, his last words being "Fear not, comrades, heaven is as near by water as by land." Sir Walter Raleigh, after a brilliant career as courtier and colonizer, fell under royal censure, and, bankrupt in fortune and broken in health, languished fifteen years in the Tower, and at last perished on the scaffold. Sir Thomas Cavendish, who followed Drake around the world, after quelling a mutiny among his crew perished at sea.

Of this heroic brotherhood none was more illustrious or heroic than Sir Francis Drake. He was the son of a Protestant vicar, who had suffered much under the Marian persecution, and it is recorded, had with his family to live for some time in the hull of a ship on the sea shore. Francis was the eldest of twelve sons, most of whom followed the sea. He was born about 1545, and was brought up in the sturdy English virtues of truthfulness and bravery—to fear God and hate the Spaniard and the Pope. Such was the creed of all true-hearted lovers of liberty everywhere—of the Dutch and Flemish burghers, who had felt the wrath of Alva and the "Spanish Fury" in the Netherlands; of the Huguenots of France, who had escaped the wars of religion and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; and, above all, of the free-born Englishmen who remembered the fires of Smithfield and the persecuting bigotry of "Bloody Mary." Philip, the consort of the late Queen, was the Colossus that bestrode the world. The gold of Mexico and Peru filled his coffers, and paid

* When lying wounded on the field he gave up a cup of water to a dying soldier, with the words, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

his armies of iron veterans. The name of the Phillipines commemorate his eastern discoveries. The horrors of the Spanish Inquisition, which many an English sailor had undergone, made his name an execration throughout Protestant Christendom.

Young Drake grew up with his full share of hatred of the "Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain," whose crimes and cruelties he was destined so signally to avenge. Like many of the Devonshire lads, he took to the sea, and soon became a bold and skillful sailor. He so won the confidence of his master —a coast trader to Zealand and France—that the latter dying, bequeathed him his vessel. Being thus at the age of eighteen a master mariner, he made commercial voyages to the Bay of Biscay, and the Coast of Guinea. In his twenty-second year he sold his vessel and invested the proceeds and all his savings in the expedition of Captain Hawkins, to Mexico, receiving command of the ship *Judith*, of fifty tons. The fleet was attacked by the Spaniards, at San Juan de Ulua, and only two of the six ships escaped. Drake returned to England beggared in estate, and fruitlessly petitioned the Court of Spain for indemnity. Enraged at his treatment he obtained a commission from Queen Elizabeth, and in 1575, sailed with two ships—the *Pasha* of 70, and the *Swan* of 25 tons, the latter commanded by his brother, and both together carrying the enormous force of six-and-forty men—for the purpose of pillaging the Spanish possessions. And pillage them he did, deeming the spoiling of the Spaniards the work of the "elect of God." "The King of Spain had undone Mr. Drake," writes the quaint Thomas Fuller, "therefore Mr. Drake was entitled to take the best satisfaction against the King of Spain." In this sea divinity he became an accomplished scholar. He captured a plate fleet and plundered many Spanish towns, returning to England with a fortune vastly greater than that which he had lost. While exploring the Isthmus of Panama, he climbed "a great and goodly tree," from which he beheld in the distance the broad blue waters of the Pacific. "When Drake looked thereon," writes the chronicler of the expedition, "he besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to plough those glittering waters with an English keel." That joy was before long to be granted him.

Four years later, 1577, he set sail upon his eventful voyage around the world. His equipment was strangely inadequate

to the task. His own ship, the *Pelican*, was of only 100 tons, and her four consorts ranged from 80 to 15 tons, the whole manned by a hundred and sixty-four mariners. Our account of this voyage is compiled from the contemporary narrative, written by "Master Francis Fletcher," chaplain of the expedition, and "offered to publique view, both for the honour of the actor, but especially for the stirring up of heroick spirits, to benefit their countrie and eternize their names by like noble attempts."

We regret that we cannot recommend this book as entertaining reading. It is, in fact, the most insufferably tedious volume we ever attempted in our life. The author was evidently a pragmatical pedant, who pours out his involved and interminable sentences of florid rhetoric without stint and without mercy. A certain quaintness and piety of expression is its only redeeming quality. Some idea of its forcible-feeble style may be gained from a single sentence in an account of a storm in Magellan's Straits: "Our anchors, as false friends in such danger, gave over their holdfast, and as if it had been with horror of the thing, did shrink down to hide themselves in this miserable storm, committing the distressed ship and helpless men to the uncertain and rolling seas, which tossed them about like a ball in a racket," etc., etc. If good Master Fletcher preached in the manner in which he writes, he must have added very materially to the hardships of the mariners. He is not, however, without certain glimpses of grim humour in describing the spoiling of the Spaniards, which doubtless commended him to his militant flock.

After four months "passed in beholding the most excellent works of the Eternal God upon the seas," writes this pious chronicler of the voyage, "they fell in with the Coast of Brazil towards the Pole Antarctic." The fleet sailed up and watered in "the River of Plate" (La Plata). There were abundance of ostriches, whose thighs "were of bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton." Concerning the natives, stalwart "Pentagous," or Patagonians (a word meaning five cubits high), he regrets that "so goodly a people should be ignorant of the true and living God." Here the master gunner was killed by the natives, and a plot was discovered to seize one of the ships, and thus imperil the expedition. The ringleader, Thomas Doughty, was tried by a court-martial of forty, "the chiefest place and judgment in the

whole ship," Drake himself taking no part. The court decreed that "it stood not with their safety that he (the mutineer) should live." He seemed truly penitent and asked to receive the Holy Communion with the general and his comrades. They then dined together, "each cheering up the other and taking their leave by drinking each to other, as if some journey only had been in hand. Then he kneeled down preparing at once his neck for the axe and his spirit for heaven," and so died. The chaplain notes as a strange coincidence, that on the shore they found a gibbet and skeleton, where fifty-eight years before, Magellan had hanged a man for the same offence. Drake's act has been severely criticized, but it seems to have been strictly judicial, and under the authority of his commission from the Queen.

In a fortnight the little fleet made its way through Magellan's Straits and entered the South Sea, "by some called *Mare Pacificum*," says worthy Master Fletcher, "but proving to us rather to be *Mare Furiosum*." Drake was driven by tempest as far southward as Cape Horn, where the night was but two hours long. He named the islands, in honour of his royal mistress, Elizabethides.

> "They were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

The *Pelican* was separated from all her companions, some of which were never heard of again, and was truly "a pelican in the wilderness." Sailing up the coast they were, in attempting to land, attacked by the natives, and Drake was seriously wounded. At the Spanish town of Valparaiso they pillaged without scruple, as they did wherever they had opportunity, the church and a Spanish ship. While landing for water, farther up the coast, they were attacked in force by Spaniards, but escaped. The reverend chaplain narrates with grim humour, not wincing a bit at the robbery, how coming upon a Spaniard driving a llama train laden with silver, "they could not endure to see a gentleman turned carrier so, and therefore offered their services and became drovers." They also relieved two barks of the burthen of forty bricks of silver.

Reaching Callao, the port of Lima, Drake found thirty Spanish ships in the harbour. The chaplain grows eloquent in his indignation at the wickedness of the place, where not two months before, six Englishmen for heresy were burned at the

stake. Learning that a great ship, the *Cacafuego*, had fourteen days before sailed for Panama, Drake sailed after and overtook it. The Spaniard never dreamed of the existence of the English in those seas and made no resistance till it was too late. The booty amounted to twenty-six tons of silver, eighty pounds weight of gold and other treasure, valued in all at £1,000,000. Drake devoutly gives "all honour, praise and glory to God, the Saviour of all the world," for His signal mercy vouchsafed in the capture of this ship. He evidently felt that he was doing God service in thus spoiling King Philip for the benefit of good Queen Bess.

After pillaging another Spanish town and ship, Drake tried to find a north-east passage into the Atlantic. Having reached the latitude of Vancouver's Island, the crews suffering much from cold, "the General comforted them out of the Scriptures, with talk of God's loving care over them."

Driven southward again to the latitude of San Francisco they landed for repairs and were worshipped as gods, with offerings of tobacco and strange fruits by the natives. Among these were the potato, which he brought to Europe. (At the little town of Offenburg in the Black Forest, the last place in the world in which one would expect it, the writer found a monument erected to "Sir Francis Drake, who introduced the potato into Europe, 1586.") By singing psalms and reading the Bible, Drake endeavoured to open their blind eyes to a knowledge of "the true God, the salvation of the Gentiles." He also, "in the name of Her Most Excellent Majesty took possession of the country, that by her means as a Mother and Nurse of the Church of Christ might, by the preaching of the Gospel, so tractable and loving a people might be brought to a right knowledge and obedience of the true and everliving God." The country, in honour of his native land, he named New Albion.

Giving up the hope of a north-east passage, Drake resolved to sail in Magellan's track westward round the world. After sixty-eight days they sighted land, but so thievish were the inhabitants, that they justified the name of Ladrones, or Isle of thieves, given to it by Magellan. At the Moluccas or Spice Islands they laid in a store of cloves very cheap. At the Celibes they scraped the barnacles from their ship, and were amazed at "fiery-seeming worms flying in the air," and "huge

bats or reremice exceeding a good hen in bigness." Here too, they ran upon a shoal and Master Fletcher exhausts his rhetoric in describing the greatness of the peril and of the deliverance. In their extremity they had a sermon, prayers and the Holy Sacrament; they then flung overboard the ammunition and surplus lading and with the rising tide the vessel floated. "Yet it was not any of our endeavours," writes the pious Master Fletcher, "but God's only hand that wrought our deliverance; 'twas He alone that said, 'Return again ye sons of men;' 'twas He alone that set us at liberty."

Another long sea stretch brought them to the Cape of Bon Esperance, or Good Hope, and so home through familiar western seas to Plymouth, whence they had set sail, having encompassed the earth in two years and ten months. The worthy chaplain employs all his rhetoric in setting forth the grandeur of the enterprise "which that right rare and thrice worthy Captain, Francis Drake, achieved in first turning up a furrow about the whole world, over-matching the famous Argonauts, and outreaching in many respects the noble mariner Magellan himself." Accompanying his book is a vignette of the *Pelican* surmounting the globe, drawn round the world by a shadowy hand, labled, "Auxilio Divino—by the Divine aid." He piously ascribes all the glory to God, who only doeth mighty things, the only ruler of the world and preserver of His servants:—

> "Soli rerum maximarum Effectori,
> Soli totius mundi Gubernatori,
> Soli suorum Conservatori,
> Soli Deo sit semper Gloria."

Great was the rejoicing as the bold lads of Devon entered Plymouth, and afterwards, at the command of the Queen, sailed up the Thames. In Deptford dockyard his royal mistress honoured the gallant sailor by dining in the little cabin of the *Pelican*, by accepting a famous "golden falcon with a great emerald set in its breast," and by making him a Knight on the spot. The *Pelican* was long preserved as a monument of the national glory, and of its great captain's enterprise—a prouder memorial than the gilded Bucentaur of the Venetian arsenal. When it fell into decay part of its timber was made into a chair for the University of Oxford. In the Bodleian library it may

still be seen, bearing upon a silver plate the following rather prosaic lines by the poet Cowley —

> To this great ship, which round the world has run,
> And matched in race the chariot of the sun,
> This Pythagorian ship (for it may claim,
> Without presumption, so deserved a name,
> By knowledge once and transformation now),
> In her new shape, this sacred port allow.
> Drake and his ship could not have wished from Fate
> A more blessed station or more blessed estate,
> For lo ! a seat of endless rest is given
> To her in Oxford, and to him in heaven.

Drake soon found congenial employment in the war with Spain now openly declared. With five and twenty vessels, large and small, four of them being the Queen's ships, he sailed again for the Spanish Main. On New Year's Day, 1586, he captured by a bold stroke St. Domingo, the first city in Spain's Indian domains, and shortly after Carthagena. But fever carried off one-third of the sailors and Drake was compelled to return, "having shaken the power of Spain," says Froude, "more than if he had captured a dozen plate fleets." At St. Domingo floated a proud flag with the legend *Non orbis sufficit*, "The globe itself is not enough;" but the bold English sailor showed that Philip was not secure in even that portion of it which he possessed. On his way home he called at Raleigh's ill-starred colony in Virginia and brought away the few remaining hapless colonists.

The following year, with thirty vessels, all but six furnished by loyal London merchants, the gallant sea-king, sailed to Cadiz, "to singe the Spanish king's beard." The harbour was crowded with shipping laden with stores for the armada, then fitting out for the invasion of England. Drake dashed in, and under the very guns of the fort pillaged and burned the whole fleet, "a hundred sail." He challenged the Spanish Admiral and was only prevented from attacking with a handful of merchant ships the great armada at Lisbon, by positive orders from Elizabeth. Even the Spaniards admitted that, "Were it not that he was a heretic there was not the like man in the world." A court lady declined to sail with the King on Lake Segovia, near Madrid, "for fear" she said, "Sir Francis Drake

should capture her." Capturing a rich plate ship he returned to England from the proudest naval expedition the country had ever known.

Meanwhile the vast armada vauntingly styled "invincible" was fitted out to crush the Protestant liberties of England. All the naval and military resources of Spain, Milan, Naples, Sicily the Spanish Netherlands, and the wealth of Mexico and Peru were taxed to overwhelm the sea-girt power that single-handed defied the might of Catholic Christendom. A new crusade was preached more sacred than that against the Saracens or Moors, whose promised guerdon was victory on earth and Paradise for ever. The Pope guaranteed an enormous subsidy, and published a foul-languaged bull of excommunication against the "English Jezebel, the accursed Queen." The greatest fleet ever seen in Europe mustered in the Tagus—a hundred and thirty-nine fighting ships besides numerous tenders. Half of these were towering sea-castles larger than any of the English ships save five, and seven of them were larger than even those. There were four galleys, each manned by four hundred and fifty soldiers and sailors, and rowed by three hundred slaves, which could thus manœuvre against wind or tide. The fleet carried twenty thousand soldiers, eighty thousand seamen, two thousand galley slaves, several hundred priests, twenty-five hundred cannon, and stores almost without limit, together with a supply of fetters for the English heretics. Parma, the regent of the Netherlands, had assembled at Dunkirk, Nieuport and Antwerp, a fleet of transports, to convey, so soon as the armada had swept the channel clear, thirty-four thousand infantry and cavalry to England.

To oppose this mighty host England had only twenty ships of the Royal Navy (only five over seven hundred tons) together with fifty-two volunteer ships furnished by private gentry and London merchants. But they were nimble-heeled, out-sailing the Spaniards two to one; and the eight thousand English sailors was true sea-kings; at home, like petrels, in the storm; and each man believing that in fighting for queen and country, against the Pope and the Spaniard, he fought for God against Antichrist and his servants.

On May 19th, 1588, the proud armada left the Tagus with gay pennons floating on the breeze, and great red crosses em-

blazoned on the snowy sails. It was three weeks in reaching Cape Finisterre, when it was scattered by a storm. In a fortnight it rendezvoused at Ferrol, and a week later left Spain for the last time—not one in three of ships or men ever to return again. Off Ushant the four galleys, with three thousand men, went ashore in a storm and a galleon with five hundred men foundered. In a week they were off Plymouth. At sunset the great cloud of canvas came above the horizon, and a vast crescent of a hundred and fifty vessels, "lay heaving many a mile" upon the wave. That night beacons blazed on every hill and cliff, and swift couriers galloped toward London. "There was saddling and arming in village and town, and musters flocking to their posts. Loyal England forgot its difference of creeds, and knew nothing but that the invader was at the door." This is how Macaulay describes the grand uprising:

"Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be,
For swift to east, and swift to west, the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head,
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
And on and on without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang, they sprang from hill to hill.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down.
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light,
Then bugles' note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke;
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires,
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed forth the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
And fast from every village round the horse came spurring in."

The Earl of Leicester soon had 16,000 men at Tilbury Fort with 30,000 loyal militia men forming rapidly in his rear to

guard the capital. The virgin Queen like a new amazon rode along the line and in words which even yet thrill our souls made each man a hero.*

In that stern crisis England sent up with solemn fervour the prayer, "Save and deliver us, we humbly beseech Thee, from the hands of our enemies," and the special petition written by the Queen herself, "We humbly beseech Thee, with bended knees, prosper the work and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm with the least loss of English blood."

Like hounds unleashed the English ships slipped their moorings and attacked the foe. Sweeping along the line they hurled their broadsides into the oak-ribbed leviathans, firing four shots to one of the enemy and sailing twice as fast. Two Spanish ships fouled, one blew up, Drake captured another and replenished his scanty store of powder from her magazine. For a week the English ships clung to the rear of the "invincible" armada, cutting off stragglers and "plucking the feathers of the Spaniards one by one." Galleon after galleon was sunk, boarded or driven ashore. At length the armada dropped anchor in Calais Roads to await the aid of Parma. At midnight eight dark objects drifted towards the Spanish ships and bursting into flames blazed like a demon fleet. The panic-stricken Spaniards cut their cables and slipped to sea, Drake hanging on to their rear and determined to prevent their return. "God give us grace to depend upon Him," he wrote at this crisis, "so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good." Three great galleons went down, three drifted ashore. Others, shattered

* "Let tyrants fear," she said: "I have always so behaved myself that under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. I am resolved to lay down, for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England too; and think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any other Prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realms. Rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take arms; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of your virtues in the field, . . not doubting that by your valour we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people."—*The Queen's Speech at Tilbury.*

and disabled by the English guns, became mere floating shambles, that did

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine."

All thought of invasion was now abandoned. It was "*Sauve qui peut.*" The English held the Straits and the only way of escape was through the wild North Sea.

"But the work of destruction," writes a historian of the event, "was reserved for a mightier foe than Drake. Supplies fell short and the English vessels were forced to give up the chase; but the Spanish ships which remained had no sooner reached the Orkneys than the storms of the Northern seas broke on them with a fury before which all concert and union dissappeared. Fifty reached Corunna, bearing ten thousand men stricken with pestilence and death; of the rest some were sunk, some dashed to pieces against the Irish cliffs. The wreckers of the Orkneys and the Faroes, the clansmen of the Scottish Isles, the kernes of Donegal and Galway, all had their part in the work of murder and robbery. Eight thousand Spaniards perished between the Giant's Causeway and the Blaskets. On a strand, near Sligo, an English captain numbered eleven hundred corpses which had been cast up by the sea."

The joy of the nation was unbounded. They devoutly recognized the hand of God in their deliverance. *Flavit Jehovah et dissipati sunt.*—"The Lord blew and they were scattered," is the legend on a medal of the period.

Like a potter's vessel broke,
The great ships of the line,
They were carried away like smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine;
O Lord before Thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When Thou did'st walk in wrath
With Thy horses through the sea.

Elizabeth rode in triumph through London streets festooned with flowers. The conquered Spanish banners were hung up in St. Paul's. "The great captains of England's Salamis were about their Queen, and a solemn thanksgiving was offered up, and the glory given to God alone."

But Drake's work was not yet done. Philip gnawed his heart and plotted revenge; his injury was too deep to be for-

given. "He would persevere," he said, "even if he sold the candlesticks upon his table." In 1589, Drake was despatched with Sir John Norris, to restore Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal. He defeated the Spanish at Corunna, burned Vigo, and sailing up the Tagus menaced Lisbon itself, but failed in the main object of the expedition.

Drake now served his country in the great council of the nation, being in 1592 elected to represent the borough of Plymouth. Three years later, England being menaced by another armada, he urged an expedition to the Spanish Main, in order to crush the power of Philip in that vital part. A fleet of twenty-six vessels was equipped, and Drake and Hawkins sailed for the scene of their early exploits, where their very names were a terror to the foe. But the Spaniards were more wary. They captured one of the English ships at Porto Rico, at which unwonted fortune Sir John Hawkins sickened and died. That night a shot penetrated the cabin, struck the chair on which Drake sat and killed two officers at his side. Several Spanish towns were taken with slight result. An expedition across the Isthmus of Panama was repulsed with great loss. These unwonted disasters threw the Admiral into a violent fever, from which, in a few days, he died. His body was consigned to the bosom of the deep, off Porto Bello. His last recorded words are, "It matters not, God hath many things in store for us;" and says his biographer, "The tenderness of pity was now mingled with admiration of the genius and valour of this great man, whose memory will survive as long as the world lasts, which he first surrounded."

Drake is described as low of stature, of fair complexion, open countenance, and with brown hair and pointed beard. His portrait now before us has a kindly expression. Over a steel gorget he wears a lace collar, a symbol of the strange blending of the soldier and courtier in his life. He was a thorough master of his profession, including nautical astronomy, and had a considerable knowledge of practical surgery. He was a man of devout God-fearing character—a clean liver in an age of license, and one who seems to have dwelt "as ever in the great Task-master's eye." "God grant we may so live in His fear," he wrote on the eve of a battle, "as the enemy may have cause to say that God doth fight for us." There was in him the Puritan conviction

that he was fighting on God's side, which is in itself a presage and a pledge of victory. "The Spaniards," he said, "were but the sons of mortal men, for the most part enemies of the truth and members of Antichrist. . . . When men were fighting for their religion and country, a merciful God for Christ's sake, would give them victory; nor would Satan and his ministers prevail against them." Such a conviction might well make men invincible. With such heroes and with her ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts, England is invulnerable.

> This England never did, nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself;
> Come the three corners of the world in arms
> And we will shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
> If England to itself do rest but true.

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW.

DEAR Lord! in some dim future year,
In some dim future month and day,
Abides the hour, the solemn hour,
When thou shalt call my soul away.
That year, that month, that day of days,
Come soon—come late—I know not when,
O Thou, who rulest all my ways!
Master of Life whom Death obeys,
Be with me then, be with me then!

By fire—by flood—by famine sore—
By sudden stroke—by slow decay—
When Death's dark angel opes my door,
How shall it call my soul away?
God only knows; He bends the bow,
And He alone can fix the dart;
Yet care I not when, where, or how
The end may come, dear Lord! if Thou
Wilt then but shield me in Thy heart!

"FROM DEATH INTO LIFE."

BY THE REV. DAVID SAVAGE.

Such is the title of what it is no exaggeration to regard as one of the most remarkable books of our times. It is a record of twenty years of ministerial experience and toil in the life of a clergyman of the Church of England—the Rev. W. Haslam. The author, in introducing his book, says: "This volume is not so much a history of my own life, as of the Lord's dealings with me; setting forth how He wrought in and by me during the space of twenty years. I had been given over by three physicians to die, but it pleased the Lord in answer to prayer to raise me up again. My restored health and strength I thankfully devoted to a religious and earnest life. In the height and seeming prosperity of this, the Lord awakened me to see that I was dead in trespasses and sins. Then He quickened me by the Holy Ghost, and raised me up into a new and spiritual life."

Very touching are the unfoldings of Divine discipline, through which this servant of God was led in preparation for his great life-work—bereavement, temptation, sore sickness—all contributing to wean his spirit from earth, and to give it a direction intensely spiritual and devout. But, he tells us, the hunger of his soul sought its relief at this particular period, more in the teachings of the "Church" than in the instructions and consolations of the Bible. The "Tracts for the Times" had just made their appearance, and Mr. Haslam read them with avidity. He learned from the perusal of these Oxford false lights, "to interpret the Bible by the Prayer-Book, and to regard the former as a book which no one could understand without the interpretation of the Fathers." Enmeshed, moreover, in legalism, his idea of ordination was "to be a clergyman, read the prayers, preach sermons, and do all I could to bring people to church."

The author's introduction to parochial work is somewhat humourously described—his first service attended by about a score of listless people, lounging in different parts of the church; the organizing of a choir composed of a clarionet, two fiddles, a bass viol, with a few singers, as also his painstaking skill and labour in improving the appearance of the church, with his own

hands painting Scripture mottoes on the walls in old English characters. He says: "I had great joy in writing these, for I felt as if it was to the Lord Himself, and for His name, and finished with Nehemiah's prayer: 'Remember me, O my God, concerning this; and wipe not out my good deeds that I have done for the house of my God, and for the offices thereof.'"

This parish bore the quaint name of Perranzabuloe, and was situated about eight miles from Truro, on the north coast of Cornwall. The Oxford teachings did not suit the Cornish taste. But the new-fledged clergyman was so enamoured of them, that Newman's sermons, "abridged and simplified," were all the people could get from the pulpit of their parish church. One Sunday, after giving out his text and reading some three pages of his manuscript, the clergyman heard some one say, "We will go." "With this," he writes, "the bass-viol, the other fiddles, the clarionet, the ophicleide, and the choir, came stumping down the gallery stairs, and marched out. Some of the congregation followed their example, with the determination never to come back to the church again. I waited till the noise was over, and then went on with my sermon meekly, and thought myself a martyr for Church principles." The breach grew wider. One day as the parson was writing a text over the porch door of the church,—"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven," a man standing at the foot of the ladder remarked, "Heaven is a long way from that gate, I reckon." This speech, Mr. Haslam says, "stuck to me. I knew only too well from this and other indications, that the people had no respect for the Church under my ministrations."

In time Mr. Haslam was translated to the parish of Baldhu, also in Cornwall. His sincerity and devotedness, though still misdirected, reveal a depth and force of nature far beyond the average. He would spend hours together alone in his church, giving himself to meditation and prayer. He made it a rule to visit every house in his parish once a week, taking from twelve to twenty each day, distributing tracts, all in the interest, however, of "Church principles." But the day of his redemption drew nigh. Harsh and painful were some of the processes by which this result was reached, with an occasional element of the ridiculous in them, too. In conversation with one earnest, godly woman, she said: "Ah! you went to college to *larn* the Latin,

but though I don't know a letter in the book, yet I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies." Another woman, whenever he went to see her, made him read the story of her conversion, which was written out in a copy-book. A thoughtful man said to him: "Cornish people are too enlightened to go to Church! A man must give up religion to go there; only unconverted people and backsliders go to such a place."

"On another occasion," he writes, "I went in my cassock and cap to the shop of a man whom I regarded as a dreadful schismatic. He sold the publications of the Religious Tract Society. On entering, he appeared greatly pleased to see me, and took unusual interest and pains in selecting tracts, giving me a double portion for my money. His kindness was very embarrassing; and when, on leaving, he followed me to the door, and said, 'God bless you,' it gave me a great turn. A schismatic blessing a priest! This, indeed, was an anomaly. I was ashamed to be seen coming out of the shop, and the more so, because I had this large Evangelical parcel in my hand. I felt as though everybody was looking at me. However, the tracts were very acceptable at home and in the parish. Three men, one after another, told me they had been converted through reading them."

But as yet all such testimonies came to him in an unknown tongue. Southey's Life of Wesley, and Berridge's Autobiography, were at this juncture read to some profit. Still further, his gardener fell ill, and was told by his medical attendant he must die. "No sooner did he realize his position, and see eternity before him, than all the Church teaching I had given him failed to console or satisfy, and his heart sank within him at the near prospect of death. In his distress of mind he did not send for me to come and pray with him, but actually sent for a converted man who lived in the next row of cottages. This man, instead of building him up as I had done, went to work in the opposite direction—to break him down. He was brought under deep conviction of sin, and eventually found peace through the precious blood of Jesus. Immediately it spread over all the parish that 'the parson's servant was converted.' The poor man sent for me several times, but I could not make up my mind to go near him. I felt far too much hurt to think that after all I had taught him against schism, he should fall into so great an error. However, he sent again and again, till at last his entreaties pre-

vailed, and I went. Instead of lying on his bed, a dying man, as I expected to find him, he was walking about the room in a most joyful and ecstatic state. 'O dear master,' he exclaimed, I am glad you are come! I am so happy. My soul is saved. Glory be to God!' 'Come, John,' I said, 'sit down and be quiet, and I will have a talk with you and tell you what I think.' But John knew my thoughts well enough, so he burst out, 'Oh, master, I am sure you do not know about this, or you would have told me. I am quite sure that you love me, and I love you, *that I do!* But, dear master, you do not know this. I am praying for the Lord to show it to you. I mean to pray till I die, and after that if I can, till you are converted.' He looked at me so lovingly, and seemed so truly happy, that it was more than I could stand. Almost involuntarily I made for the door, and escaped before he could stop me."

Poor fellow! Cassock and surplice, super-altar and triptych, candles and bells, seemed of no account. The "Priest of Baldhu" and his "Church" teachings were a failure. "Schism" was rampant. It is as singular a disclosure as it is painful, of this man's sincerity and heartiness of belief in his mistaken views—that in the full conviction that out of the "Church" there was no salvation; as also that Baptism was the only door of admission to the Church—he one day baptized himself conditionally in the church, for fear that he had not been properly baptized in infancy, and consequently should be lost forever.

But the hour of his deliverance was at hand. To recast his own artless, graphic account of this critical period in his history would be to spoil it. "I had promised a visit to Mr. Aitken, of Pendeen, to advise him about his church, which was then building; and now, in order to divert my thoughts, I made up my mind to go up to him at once. Soon after my arrival, as we were seated comfortably by the fire, he asked me, as he very commonly did, how the parish prospered. He said, 'I often take shame to myself when I think of all your work. But, my brother, are you satisfied?' I said, 'No, I am not satisfied.' 'Why not?' 'Because I am making a rope of sand, which looks very well till I pull, and then, when I expect it to hold, it gives way' 'What do you mean?' 'Why,' I replied, 'these Cornish people are ingrained schismatics.' I then told him of my gardener's conversion, and my great disappointment. 'Well,'

he said, 'if I were taken ill, I certainly would not send for you. I am sure you would not do me any good, for you are not converted yourself.' 'Not converted,' I exclaimed, 'how can you tell?' He said, quietly, 'I am sure of it, or you would not have come here to complain of your gardener. If you had been converted you would have remained at home to rejoice with him. It is very clear you are not converted.' I was vexed with him for saying that, and attempted to dispute the point; but he was calm and confident, while I, on the other hand, was uneasy and trying to justify myself."

After a restless night, the conversation was resumed in the morning: "Mr. Aitken said, 'Have you peace with God?' I answered, without hesitation, 'Yes'—for eight years or more I had regarded God as my friend. Mr. A. went on to ask me: 'How did you get peace?' 'Oh,' I said, 'I have it continually. I get it at the daily service, I get it through prayer and reading, and especially at the Holy Communion. I have made it a rule to carry my sins there every Sunday, and have often come away from that holy sacrament feeling as happy and free as a bird.' My friend looked surprised, but did not dispute this part of my experience. He contented himself by asking me quietly, 'And how long does your peace last?' This question made me think. I said, 'I suppose not a week, for I have to do the same thing every Sunday.' He replied, 'I thought so.'"

Then followed close dealing and faithful, on the part of Mr. Aitken, with his visitor. "Opening the Bible at the fourth chapter of John's Gospel, my friend pointed out the difference between getting water by drawing it from a well, and having a living well within you, springing up. I said, 'I never heard of such a thing.' 'I suppose not,' he answered. 'Have you this living water?' I continued. 'Yes, thank God, I have had it for the last thirty years.' 'How did you get it?' 'Look here,' he said, pointing to the tenth verse: 'Thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water.' 'Shall we ask Him,' I said. He answered, 'With all my heart;' and immediately, pushing back his chair, knelt down at his round table, and I knelt at the opposite side. What he prayed for I do not know. I was completely overcome and melted to tears. I sat on the ground sobbing, while he shouted aloud, praising God. As soon as I could get up, I made for the door, and taking my

hat, coat, and umbrella, said that 'I was really afraid to stay any longer.' With this I took my departure, leaving my carpet-bag behind. It was seven miles to Penzance, but in my excitement I walked and ran all the way, and arrived there before the coach, which was to have called for me, but brought my carpet-bag instead."

All this was followed by days and nights of sore distress and almost intolerable anguish of spirit. "On the Sunday" he says, "I was so ill that I was quite unfit to take the service. Mr. Aitken had said to me: 'If I were you I would shut the church. Say to the congregation, "I will not preach again till I am converted. Pray for me."' Shall I do this? Before I could make up my mind to put off the service, the bells struck out a merry peal, and sent their summons far over the hills. Now the thought came to me that I would go to church and read the morning prayers, and after that dismiss the people. There was no preparation for the Holy Communion that day, and I had deputed the clerk to select the hymns, for I was far too ill to attend to anything myself. The psalms and hymns were especially applicable to my case, and seemed to help me, so that I thought I would go on and read the ante-Communion service, and then dismiss the people. And while I was reading the Gospel I thought, well, I will just say a few words in explanation of this and then I will dismiss them. So I went up into the pulpit, and then gave out my text. I took it from the Gospel of the day, 'What think ye of Christ?' As I went on to explain the passage, I saw that the Pharisees and Scribes did not know that Christ was the Son of God, or that He was come to save them. Something was telling me all the time, 'You are no better than the Pharisees yourself, you do not believe that He is the Son of God, and that He is come to save you, any more than they did.' I do not remember all I said, but I felt a wonderful light and joy coming into my soul, and I was beginning to see what the Pharisees did not. Whether it was something in my words, or in my manner, or my look, I know not, but all of a sudden a local preacher, who happened to be in the congregation, stood up, and putting up his arms, shouted in Cornish manner: 'The parson is converted! the parson is converted! Hallelujah!' and in another moment his voice was lost in the shouts and praises of three or four hundred of the congregation.

Instead of rebuking this extraordinary 'brawling,' as I should have done in a former time, I joined in the outburst of praise, and to make it more orderly, I gave out the Doxology—'Praise God from whom all blessings flow,' and the people sang it with heart and voice over and over again. My Churchmen were dismayed, and many of them fled precipitately from the place. Still the voice of praise went on, and was swelled by numbers of passers-by, who came into the church greatly surprised to hear and see what was going on. When this subsided, I found at least twenty people crying for mercy, whose voices had not been heard in the excitement and noise of thanksgiving. They all professed to find peace and joy in believing. Amongst this number there were three from my own house, and we returned home praising God."

Tidings of such unusual scenes within the walls of a parish church were carried on the wings of the wind, and at night the building would not hold the crowds who came to see and hear for themselves. A great 'revival' had begun. On the Monday evening the clergyman told a multitude of people what a deliverance the Lord had wrought for him on the previous day. He had not spoken long when a shriek was heard in the congregation, followed by a cry for mercy, then another, and another, and another. The speaker's voice was drowned. Preaching was impossible. Experienced men were there who knew how to deal with the awakened, and the power of God was present to heal. Night after night the work went on, week after week, month after month, for well-nigh three years! Mr. Haslam testifies that in reviewing this remarkable movement he has seldom read of any signal and striking manifestations in connection with revival work, which had not their counterpart in his services, and that there were, indeed, some developments which he had never known to have occurred elsewhere.

Good Mr. Aitken came over from Pendeen time and again, to help his friend in conducting and pushing the campaign. A grand spirit was Mr. Aitken. His presence was the signal for a fresh rally among all classes of workers. The church built to seat six hundred, would have as many as fifteen hundred packed into it when he would preach—chancel filled up to the communion table, aisles crowded, and two rows of occupants in every pew. "The great man was king over their souls, for at

times he seemed as if he was endued with power whereby he could make them shout for joy, or howl for misery, or cry aloud for mercy. Souls were awakened by scores whenever he preached, and sometimes the meetings continued far into the night, and occasionally even to the daylight of the next morning."

Of course, formalists on every hand, in the parish and out of it, were scandalized by such unheard of irregularities. Conventions of clergymen denounced the proceedings of the incumbent of Baldhu. Former friends were changed to bitterest foes. One old associate of Mr. Haslam's declared it a wonder to him that "God did not strike him dead for all the harm he had done to the Church." Another said he "should not be surprised if the very ground opened and swallowed him up for fraternizing with schismatics. The sin of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram was nothing to his." But the man of God, despite scorn and obloquy and attack, held on his way, and in the fulfilment of his God-assigned mission, waxed stronger and stronger. We have not space to follow him, as in labours more abundant he passed from point to point in Evangelistic toil, "the Lord working with him, and confirming the word with signs following."

One of the striking characteristics of this book, reminding us in this particular of what we venture to designate as *the* most remarkable book of modern times, "The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley," is the thrilling and sustained interest of its numerous episodes, additional to the fascination of the leading line of the narrative itself. Such an incident is the visit of Billy Bray to the parsonage at Baldhu. "One morning while we were at breakfast, I heard some one walking about in the hall with a heavy step, saying, 'Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord!' On opening the door, I beheld a happy-looking little man in a black Quaker-cut coat. 'Well, my friend,' I said, 'who are you?' 'I am Billy Bray,' he replied, 'and be you the Passon converted, are ye?' 'Yes, thank God.' 'And the missus, be she converted?' 'Yes, she is.' 'Thank the dear Lord,' he said, moving forward. I made way for him; and, stepping into the room, he made a profound bow to the said 'missus,' and enquired, 'Be there any maidens?' 'Yes, there are three in the kitchen.' 'Be they converted, too?' I was able to answer in the affirmative. He made off in the direction of the kitchen, and soon we heard them all shouting and praising God together. When our

strange guest returned to the drawing-room, he suddenly caught me up in his arms, and carried me round the room. Then he set me in my chair, and rolling on the ground for joy, said that he was as happy as could be. I invited him to take some breakfast with us, to which he assented with thanks, and choose bread and milk, for he said, 'I am only a child.' He told us that twenty years ago, as he was walking over the very hill on which my church and house were built (it was a barren old place then), the Lord said to him, 'I will give thee all that dwell on this mountain.' Immediately he thanked God, and then ran to the nearest cottage, where he talked and prayed with the people, and was enabled to bring them to Christ. He was equally successful in the other two cottages. Then he told 'Father' that there were only three houses in the place, and continued to pray that more might be built. He was 'fine and glad' when, sixteen years afterwards, he heard that they were building a church and school-room and vicarage on the hill; but terribly disappointed when, after the work was completed, he came over to a service in Baldhu Church. He came out crestfallen, and told 'Father' that that was nothing but an 'old Pusey," and he was no good. However, he continued to pray for the hill, and was overjoyed when, three years afterwards, he was told that the parson and all his family were converted, and that there was a great revival in the church. As soon as he felt that his Father was willing that he should come, he had hastened over to see for himself that the glorious news was true."

Billy engaged Mr. Haslam to pay him a visit in his own preaching-house. This was the first time Mr. H. had preached anywhere outside his own church and school-room, subsequent to his conversion. In taking such a step, God was specially present to encourage His servant in breaking away from the conventionalisms by which he had hitherto been trammelled. His preaching was with power. A great revival followed, such as even Billy Bray had never seen in that place before. Several times the meetings had to be continued through the whole of the night, penitents crying aloud for mercy, and believers shouting for joy. Billy, in his turn, spoke in the schoolroom of the Baldhu Church, with much acceptance and profit, souls being added to the Lord continually.

We have only space for one more incident, illustrative of the

work to which Mr. Haslam was called. One Saturday afternoon, on invitation, he visited a neighbouring parish—Mount Hawke. Here he found not fewer than three thousand people assembled on the common. His opening hymn was—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing!"

After prayer, Mr. H. announced his text. While preaching, the mighty power of God came on the people, and several hundreds fell on their knees simultaneously, many crying aloud for mercy. The sermon was abandoned. Giving out a hymn, the preacher went in amongst the slain of the Lord. The clergyman of the parish was on horseback, in a lane close by, watching the proceedings. Mr. Haslam asked him if the school-room could be had, as it was getting dark. "Oh yes," he said, with an air of alarm and fear, "yes, certainly, certainly, anything." The men and women in distress of soul were led to the school-room, crying and praying as they went. When Mr. H. reached the place, it was an impossibility to enter. It was already full, with a throng standing at the door. Effecting an entrance by a window, he stood on a table directing the anxious as best he could. Those who found peace were instructed to pass out, and thus make room for others. This meeting continued without any intermission, day and night, until the evening of Sunday, the eighth day from its commencement. "I went again and again to see how they were going on, but the people were too absorbed to heed my presence; and those who were then seeking mercy were strangers to me, and had not been present on the previous Saturday."

In concluding his narrative, the author says: "Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the period at which this book closes." And we are glad to have him say, "I may, perhaps, at some future time, give an account of these latter twenty years." *Au revoir.*

SELDOM can the heart be lonely,
If it seek a lonelier still,
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XII.—THE LOST FOUND.

"Do YOU remember buying or selling a slave named Demetrius, a Jew?" asked Isidorus of Ezra, the slave-dealer of Milan. He wasted no words in circumlocution, for he knew that there was no use in trying to deceive the keen-eyed Jewish dealer in his fellow-man; and that his best chances of success were in coming directly to the point.

"Selling a Jew? Oh, no! I never sell my own kinsmen. That's against our law. It is like seething a kid in its mother's milk. I often ransom them from pirates and set them free."

"But this Demetrius was a Christian Jew—a convert from Moses to Jesus," said the Greek.

"A Christian dog," cried Ezra with a wicked execration. "He was no Jew. He had sold his birthright like Esau, and had no part nor lot with Israel. Of course, I'd sell him if I got him—to the mines, or to the galleys, or the field gang, to the hardest master I could find. But I know naught about your Demetrius, who was he?"

"He was a Jew of Antioch," said Isidorus, "captured by Illyrian pirates and sold in the slave market of Ravenna."

"That is a common tale," replied Ezra." There are many such. How long since this occurred?"

"'Tis now five years since he was last seen by her who seeks him, and who will pay well for his recovery."

"Just my luck," grumbled the greedy Jew. "Some one else will gain the prize. 'Tis not for me."

"Then you cannot help me in this quest?" said the Greek.

"How can I remember the scores and hundreds of Christian dogs that I have bought and sold? Go ask these monks, they know more of the vermin than I do."

Acting on this hint, Isidorus made his way to the Convent of San Lorenzo, the ancient chapel of which still remains. Knocking at a bronze-studded gateway he was admitted to a

quadrangle surrounded by cloisters or covered galleries upon which opened the doors of the different apartments. It was more like a hospital and alms-house than like what is now understood as a convent. It served as a sort of school of theology, youthful acolytes and deacons being here trained for the office and work of presbyters in the Church. Isidorus presented his letter from Adauctus to the good Bishop Paulinus, and was most cordially received.

"Right welcome art thou, my son," said the bishop, "bearing, as thou dost, the commendation of the worthy Adauctus; and right glad shall we be to promote thy search. I myself know naught that can throw light upon it, inasmuch as I lived not at Milan, but was bishop of Nola at the time of which thou speakest."

The scriptor, or secretary, of the convent was also consulted without avail, no record being found in the annals of the house that gave any hope of discovery.

"Come lunch with us in the refectory," said the bishop, "and I will ask if any of the brethren know aught of this mystery."

The refectory was a large bare-looking room—its only furniture being a long and solid table with a shorter one across the end for the bishop, and presbyters, and visitors. Of this latter there were frequently several, as such houses were the chief places for entertaining the travelling clergy or even lay members of the Christian brotherhood. Upon the walls were certain somewhat grim-looking frescoes, representing Biblical scenes and characters like those in the Catacombs described in chapter VIII. At one side of the room was a *bema*, or reading-desk, at which one of the lectors—a distinct ecclesiastical office,* with its special ordination—read, while the brethren partook of their meals, the lessons for the day from the Gospels and Epistles, as well as passages from the writings of Clement, Ignatius, Justin Martyr, and Origen. For this usage the scarcity and high price of MS. books, and the desire to improve every moment of time was deemed a sufficient ground.

* This office was possibly derived from the synagogue. As requiring good scholarship it was one of much honour, and was even sought by laymen. The Emperor Julian, in his youth, and his brother Gallus, were readers in the Church of Nicomedia. Many epitaphs of readers occur in the Catacombs.

After the meal—which was almost ascetic in its simplicity, consisting chiefly of vegetable pottage, lentils, and bread—was over, and the reading ended, the bishop explained the cause of the presence among them of a stranger from Rome.

"My brethren," he said in conclusion, "this is a common story. Many are the victims of cruelty and wrong in this great empire. Be it ours, so far as God may give us power, to succour the oppressed and redress their wrongs."

As he sat down a venerable presbyter rose and said, "Father, five years have I been under this hospitable roof, ransomed from bondage by your predecessor in office. Five years have I mourned the loss of a son and daughter, sold from my arms to I know not what cruel fate. It may be that God is about to restore me my children, the flesh of my flesh. Hast thou, O stranger, any sign or token by which I may be assured of their identity?"

"Of thy son I have no tidings; but know thou if this be a token of thy daughter's rescue," and Isidorus exhibited the small cornelian *tessara* of the fish of which we have spoken.

Eagerly the old man clasped it, and scanned the inscription, and joyfully exclaimed, while tears of gladness flowed down his aged cheeks and silvery beard, "Thank God, my child yet lives. I shall again behold her before I die. See, here is her very name, 'Callirhoë, daughter of Demetrius.' I carved it with my own hands one happy day in our dear home in Damascus. God is good. I never hoped to see her again. Tell me, stranger, is she, too, a slave?"

"Nay," said Isidorus with emotion, for even his careless nature was touched with sympathy at the joy of the old man, "She is the freed woman of the Empress Valeria, and high in favour, too, I should judge, from the interest her august mistress showed in seeking for thee."

"*Benedic, anima mea, Domino,*" exclaimed the aged presbyter with fervour, "*et omnia, quae intra me sunt, nomini sancto ejus*—Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless His holy name. He hath heard my prayer. He hath answered my supplication."

The old man's story was soon told. He had been rescued from the slave pen of Ezra, and employed in the service of the convent. His familiar knowledge of Greek led to his appoint-

ment as instructor in that language of the young acolytes and deacons who were in training for the office of the ministry. At length his superior gifts and fervent piety led to his own ordination as a presbyter of the Church of Milan.

CHAPTER XIII.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

DEMETRIUS was now eager to set out for Rome to behold once more the child whom he had scarce hoped ever to see again. A happy leave-taking of the brethren of Milan, who rejoiced in fraternal sympathy, followed; and on a gently ambling mule, at break of day, the old man rode forth beside the gallantly equipped Isidorus. He beguiled the weary way with questions about his long-lost daughter, as to her growth, appearance, her apparent health, and even the very garb she wore. He was never tired hearing about her, and recounting incidents of her childhood and youth. The only shadow upon his joy was the vague mystery concerning the fate of his son. But he said cheerfully: "God is good. He has restored to me one of my children. I feel confident that in His own good time He will restore also the other."

Beneath the fatigue of the long journey of nearly three hundred miles his powers would have failed, had he not been inspirited and sustained by the thrilling anticipation of beholding once more his beloved child.

At length, near sunset, on the tenth day, they drew near the great metropolis of the Empire. Clearer and clearer to the view rose the seven-hilled city's pride, the snowy marble peristyles and pediments of palace and temple, gleaming in the rosy light like transparent alabaster. To the left rose the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, even then venerable with the time-stains of over two hundred years. In the foreground stretched the long Aurelian Wall, with its towers and battlements and strong arched gates. They crossed the Tiber by the Milvian Bridge, built three hundred years before, and destined to witness within ten years that fierce struggle for the mastery of the empire, between Constantine and Maxentius, when the British-born Cæsar saw, or thought he saw, in the mid-day heavens a blazing

cross, and exclaiming "By this sign we conquer," overwhelmed his adversary in the rushing river.*

Passing under the hill crowned with the famous gardens of Lucullus, now known as the Pincio, and beneath the heavy-arched gateway in the wall, they made their way through the narrow streets towards the centre of the city—the Forum and the Palatine. It was a day of festival—the last day of the *Quinquatria*, or festival of Minerva. Garlands of flowers, and wreaths of laurel, festooned many of the houses, in front of which blazed coloured cressets and lamps. Sacred processions were passing through the streets, with torches and music and chantings of priests; and ever and anon the shrill blare of the sacred trumpets pierced the ear of night. In the Forum the temples of Saturn, and of Castor, and Pollux were richly adorned and brilliantly illuminated, and a great throng of merry-makers filled the marble square.

Turning to the left, our travellers ascended the slope of the Palatine Hill, amid ever-increasing grandeur of architecture. Demetrius, though he had travelled far and seen much, was struck with astonishment at the splendour and magnificence of the buildings. Not at Jerusalem, or Damascus, or Antioch, not at Ravenna or Milan, had he witnessed such wealth of porphyry and marble, such stately colonades and peristyles, covering acres of ground—now but a mound of mouldering ruins.

"Whither art thou leading me?" asked Demetrius, as they stood before a palace of snowy marble which, bathed in the mellow radiance of the rising moon, seemed transformed into translucent alabaster.

"To the abode where dwells thy daughter, the favoured freedwoman of the mistress of all this splendour," replied Isidorus, enjoying the wonder and admiration of his companion in travel.

A fountain splashed in the centre of the square, its waters flashing like silver in the moonlight. The burnished mail of the Roman soldiers gleamed as the guard was changed, and their armour clashed as they grounded their spears and saluted the officer of the watch.

"What, Max, are you on duty to-night?" said Isidorus as he

* A magnificent painting in the Vatican represents with vivid realism this scene, the drowning of the Pagan Emperor, and the defeat and flight of all his army.

recognized a soldier of the guard. "Any promotion in your service yet?"

"No, but I see that there is in yours," said the bluff outspoken guardsman.

"Well, yes, I flatter myself that there is," replied the vainglorious Greek, "and I hope for still more."

Announcing to the chamberlain of the palace that he had just arrived from a journey of important business for the Empress Valeria, he with Demetrius were taken to a marble bath, where with the aid of a skilful slave, they made their toilet for immediate presentation to the Empress.

Valeria was attended as usual by her freedwoman Callirhoë, when the Greek was announced.

"We heard," she said to Isidorus, "by thy letters, of the failure of thy quest at Ravenna and Milan, but we hope——"

At this moment, with an exclamation of intensest emotion Callirhoë rushed forward and flung herself in the arms of the venerable figure who had followed the Greek into the apartment.

"My father!" she cried in tones which thrilled every heart, and then she embraced him again and again. The impassioned love and joy and gratitude of her soul struggling for expression, she burst into a flood of tears.

"My daughter, child of my beloved Rachel," exclaimed the old man, as, heedless of the presence of the Empress, he fondly caressed her, "do I again embrace thee? Thou art the very image of thy angel-mother, as I first beheld her in the rose gardens of Sharon. Truly God is good. Now Lord lettest thou thy servant depart in peace—the cup of my happiness runneth over."

"Nay, good father," broke in the soft voice of the Empress, who was deeply moved by the scene, "rather live to share thy daughter's love and happiness."

"Pardon, august lady," said Demetrius, falling on his knees, and gratefully kissing the Empress's hand. "Pardon, that in the joy of finding my child I forgot the duty I owe to my sovereign."

"Thy first duty was there," said Valeria, pointing to the lovely Callirhoë, who, smilling through her tears, was now leaning on her father's arm. "We leave you to exchange your mutual confidences. Good Isidorus it shall be our care to bestow a re-

ward commensurate with thy merit;" and she withdrew to her own apartment.

"My everlasting gratitude thou hast," said Callirhoë, with her sweetest smile, frankly extending her hand.

"I am, indeed, well repaid," said the Greek, as he respectfully kissed it. "I would gladly show my zeal in much more arduous service," and bowing low, he was accompanied by the chamberlain to the vestibule. That official gave him, by command of the Empress, a purse of gold, and assured him of still further reward.

CHAPTER XIV.—"UNSTABLE AS WATER."

It was with feelings highly elated at his successful achievement, which presaged still further advancement, that Isidorus sought his lodgings. On the way he met many late revellers returning from the festival, "flown with insolence and wine," and making night hideous with their riot. Among them, his garments dishevelled, and a withering garland falling from his brow, was an old acquaintance, Calphurnius, the son of the Perfect, who with maudlin affection embraced him and exclaimed:—

"Friend of my soul, where hast thou hidden thyself? Our wine parties lack half their zest, since thou hast turned anchorite. Come, pledge our ancient friendship in a goblet of Falernian. The wine shop of Turbo, the ex-gladiator, is near at hand.

"You have not turned Christian, have you?" hiccoughed the drunken reveller; "no offence, but I heard you had, you know."

Isidorus gave a start. Were his visits to the Catacomb known to this fashionable fop? Were they a matter of sport to him and his boon companions? Was he to be laughed out of his nascent convictions by these empty-headed idlers? No, he determined. He despised the whole crew. But he was not the stuff out of which martyrs are made, and he lacked the courage to confess to this gilded butterfly, his as yet faltering feeling towards Christianity.

"Who says I am?" he asked, anxious to test his knowledge on the subject.

"Who says so? I don't know. Why everybody," was the rather vague reply.

"You don't know what you are talking about, man," said the

Greek, with a forced laugh. "Go home and sleep off your carouse."

"All right. I told them so. The Christians, indeed, the vermin! Come to the Baths of Caracalla at noon to-morrow and I'll tell you all about it."

Isidorus went to his lodgings and retired to his couch, but not to slumber. He was like a boat drifting rudderless upon the sea, the sport of every wind that blew. He had no strength of will, no firmness of purpose, no depth of conviction. His susceptible disposition was easily moved to generous impulses and even to noble aspirations, yet he had no moral firmness. He is portrayed to the life by the words of the great Teacher, "He that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the Word, and anon, with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the Word, by-and-bye he is offended."

"Did his boon companions," he questioned, "suspect that any serious convictions had penetrated beneath his light and careless exterior?" All his good resolutions had begun like wax in a furnace to melt and give way at the sneer and jeer of the shallow fool from whom he had just parted—a creature whom in his inmost heart he despised. Strange contradiction of human nature! Like the epicurean poet, he saw and approved the better way and yet he followed the worse.* He seemed to gain in the few casual words he had heard, a glimpse of the possibilities of persecution which menaced him if faithful to his convictions, and he had not moral fibre enough to encounter them. And yet his conscience stung and tortured him as he tossed upon his restless couch. Toward morning he fell asleep and it was broad day when he awoke. His reflections were as different from those with which he fell asleep as the brilliant daylight was from the gloomy shadows of night. The air was full of the busy hum of life. Water sellers and fruit pedlers and the like were crying "*Aqua Calata*," "Fresh Figs," and "White wine and red." Cohorts of soldiers were clattering in squadrons, through the streets, the sunlight glittering on their spear points and on the bosses of their shields and armour. Jet-black

* Video, probaque nelicna,
Deteriorque sequor.—*Ov.*

Nubian slaves, clad in snowy white, were bearing in gold-adorned *lecticæ* or palanquins, proud patrician dames, robed in saffron and purple, to visit the shops of the jewellers and silk mercers. Senators and civic officials were flocking to the Forum with their murmuring crowd of clients. Gilded youths were hastening to the schools of the rhetoricians or of the gladiators, both alike deemed necessary instructors of these pinks of fashion. The streets and squares were a perfect kaleidoscope of colour and movement—an eddying throng, on business or on pleasure bent.

The stir and animation of the scene dispelled all serious thoughts from the mind of the frivolous Greek. He plunged like a strong swimmer into the stream of eager busy life surging through the streets. He was one of the gayest of the gay, ready with his laugh and joke as he met his youthful comrades.

"Ho, Rufus, whither away in such mad haste," he cried as he saw a young officer of the 12th Legion dashing past in his chariot, driving with admirable skill two milk-white steeds through the crowded streets.

"Oh! are you there? Where have you hidden yourself for the last month?" exclaimed Rufus, as he sharply reined up his steeds. "To the Baths of Caracalla; will you go?"

"Yes, very gladly," said Isidorus, stepping upon the low platform of the open bronze chariot. "I have been beyond the Po, on a special service—a barbarous region. No baths, circus, or games like those of Rome."

"There is but one Rome," said the fiery young Hotspur, "but I am beginning to hate it. I am fairly rusting with idleness and long for active service—whether amid Libyian sands or Pannonian forests, I care not."

"It seems to me," replied the effeminate Greek, "that I could console myself with your horses and chariot—the coursers of Achilles were not more swift—and with the delights which Rome and its fair dames are eager to lavish on that favourite of fortune, Ligurius Rufus."

"*Vanitas vanitatis*," yawned the youth. "Life is a tremendous bore. I was made for action, for conquest, for state craft: but under this despotism of the Cæsars, we are all slaves together. You and I fare a little better than that Nubian porter yonder, that is all."

"Yet you seem to bear your bondage very comfortably," laughed the light-hearted Greek, "and had I your fortune, so would I."

"Mehercule! the fetters gall though they be golden," ejaculated the soldier, lashing his steeds into swifter flight, as if to give vent to his nervous excitement. "I plunge into folly to forget that I am a slave. Lost a hundred thousand sesterces at dice last night. The empire is hurrying to chaos. There are no paths of honour and ambition open to a man. One must crouch like a hound or crawl like a serpent to win advancement in the state. I tell you the degenerate Romans of to-day are an effete and worn out race. The rude Dacians beyond the Tiber possess more of the hardy virtues of the founders of the Republic than the craven creatures who crawl about the feet of the modern Colossi, who bestride the world and are worshipped almost as gods. And unless Rome mends her ways they will be the masters of the Empire yet."

"One would think you were Cato the Censor," laughed the Greek. "For my part, I think the best philosophy is that of my wise countryman, Epicurus—'to take the times as they come, and make the most of them.' But here we are at the Thermæ."

Giving his horses to one of the innumerable grooms belonging to the establishment, Rufus and his friend disappeared under the lofty arched entrance of the stately Baths of Caracalla.

JAPANESE POEM.

GRAND is the heaven above me,
Grand and cruel and lone;
For it hath no voice to answer
The heart that maketh a moan.

"Why are these sorrows and sighings,
Why are these partings and cryings?"
I plead in my pain;
But its vastness is void, and its beauty is vain.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF ST. PAUL'S MARTYRDOM AND TO THE TOMB OF ST. CECILIA.

BY MRS. M. E. LAUDER.

After a month in Rome, this city of graves and ruins, of martyrs and commemorative churches, its charm increases daily. There is here an indescribable fascination, both in its art, its scenery, its ruins, and its memories. We drove out the other day to visit the scene of St. Paul's martyrdom, the great Basilica of "St. Paul beyond the wall," and the three churches built in honour of this great Apostle. We drove through a scene that cannot be surpassed in the world's history. First the road is spanned by an arch, marking the site of the ancient Porta Trigemina, by which Marius fled before Sylla to Ostia. Passing this arch, the wooded escarpment of the Aventine, crowned by three churches, lies at our left. A short distance farther is the Gate of St. Paul, on the site of the ancient Porta Ostiensis. Close to this Porta is the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, who died B. C. 30. More than nineteen hundred years have passed away, and still it stands in good preservation. It is of brick, coated with white marble, is 125 feet high, and 100 feet wide at its square basement. We pass under the gate, and are in the vast, sad, and solitary Roman Campagna. At the base of the Pyramid lies the old Protestant Cemetery, where Keats rests from his sorrow; close by it the New Cemetery, and behind it, on the Campagna, Monte Testaccio, 160 feet high, formed entirely of broken pottery, though how, when, and why, is a problem no mortal can solve.

By the Porta San Paolo we pause long. Our heads are giddy with the whirl of thoughts born of the spot. Under this gate St. Paul passed—or rather under the ancient Ostian Gate, on the very spot. We dismount and walk, trusting our feet may tread in his footsteps. The Pyramid of Cestius is the only object of the time which remains. While it has stood, the race, the language, and the religion of the land have changed. How solemn, still, and grand it looks, with a background of the wonderful blue of an Italian sky. A straight road, one and a half miles long, stretches from the gate to the magnificent Basilica,

on the banks of the Tiber, built to the memory of St. Paul. It contains a colossal white marble statue of St. Paul and St. Peter, eighty granite Corinthian columns, from the Simplon Alp, gorgeous painted windows, and marble floors, six Oriental alabaster columns, and medallions in mosaic, each five feet in diameter, of all the popes, fictitious or real, beginning with St. Peter and ending with the present Leo XIII. Of course, the portraits are mostly imaginary. The present Basilica is modern, the former having been destroyed by fire.

In the burning heat of a summer's day, St. Paul walked this weary road to his death. Midway stands on the left a tiny chapel, marking the spot where tradition says St. Paul and St. Peter took leave of each other on their way to martyrdom. It seemed to my excited imagination I could hear Paul's voice, exclaiming: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." What a triumphal march was that! The site of the martyrdom is about a mile beyond the Basilica, in a marshy hollow. Three chapels have been built on the spot, which is called the Tre Fontane—three fountains—from a legend that a fountain sprang up wherever the head struck the ground after decapitation. There was once a rich convent here, now nearly deserted, the monks having been driven away by the malaria. It now belongs to the French Trappists.

The first church in the enclosure is supposed to stand in the cemetery of San Zeno, in which the 12,000 Christians who built the Baths of Diocletian, were buried. The church at the end of the enclosure contains the pillars to which St. Paul is said to have been bound, the block of marble on which he is supposed to have been beheaded, and the three fountains which mark where his head three times bounded on the ground, after being severed from the body. Three modern altars, above the fountains, are each adorned with a head of the apostle in *bas relief*. A solemn monk—a Trappist—in brown serge, whose mother-tongue was German, conducted us about, and loaded me with flowers from the garden. How solemn and still it was! Not a movement in the air, and the sun shone brightly. It seemed a consecrated spot. A hallowed something, I cannot describe, seemed to hover over the place and make it holy. After Golgotha, earth has not a more precious, sacred spot.

A few days after, we made a visit to the Catacomb of St.

Calixtus. The 22nd of November is St. Cecilia's day, and the Catacomb of St. Calixtus was illuminated, as also the chapel of St. Cecilia. With what emotions I descended into these remains of the ancient Christian world! We first entered the cubiculum of St. Cecilia, richly decorated with garlands and flowers, and well illuminated. There is a picture of the saint on the wall, represented in rich attire, with bracelets and necklace. There is also an ancient fresco of a head of our Saviour, of marvellous majesty and sweetness.

Adjoining this chapel is the so-called Chapel of the Popes. How many martyred early bishops have here mouldered to dust! We walked through long passages, with here and there a chapel for the administration of the Sacrament. I gazed at the representations of a Last Supper, of the dove, the phœnix, the fish, the Good Shepherd, and many more, and thought of the solemn and mournful scenes that had presence here The effect of the illumination was wonderful—the long, narrow passages, stretching into the distance, crossed by numerous others, in seemingly endless succession. We drove afterward to St. Cecilia's Church, in the Trastevere, which was richly decorated with flowers, and illuminated. Here one sees the *sudatorium* of her own house, where she was shut in—the pipes to admit the vapour still are clearly to be seen. Her statue under the altar, in white marble, is one of the most remarkable in Rome, and seen amid these masses of flowers and lights, the effect was very beautiful. The statue is by the greatest artist of that time, Stefano Maderno, who was called in by Cardinal Spondrato, when he opened the tomb of the martyr in the sixteenth century, and, says the legend, found her embalmed body wrapped in rich gold tissue, with linen clothes, steeped in blood, at her feet. A gold circlet around the neck hides the wound made by the axe. The body is represented recumbent, lying on its side, wrapped in drapery. It is a wonderful work of art, aside from associations of martyrdom. We stayed an hour to hear the music performed with an organ, in imitation of St. Cecilia's, but the music was very poor indeed. The church was crowded, the half of those present being foreigners. I heard English and American, French and German, Dutch and Italian, spoken. This gallery, quite around the church, is in lattice-work, behind which could be seen black and white-robed nuns.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Laus Christi.

BY THOMAS CLEWORTH.

Hail! Thou King of endless glory!
Son of God and Son of Man!
Telling in Thyself the story
Of our God's redeeming plan!
Blessed fount of Joy and Wonder,
How Thy counsels warm and thrill;
Melting, till our hearts surrender
To Thy gracious Father's will!

Oh, the soul-entrancing favour,
At Thy feet to sit and hear
Words that bring the precious savour
Of the great salvation near!
Bringing in the hope of glory
By the Star of Bethlehem!
Happy sequel of Thy story—
Proof of Thy Triumphant name!

Hail! Thou Lamb of endless merit!
Glory to Thy cleansing blood!
By the Witness of Thy Spirit
Rule in me, my Lord and God!
Let me sing the hallowed story
Of my God's redeeming plan,
Sealed in sacrificial glory
By the Son of God and Man!

Come, Thou Lord of kings and sages,
Sound Thy grand millennial call!
Swelling, through the distant ages,
Let Thy Story conquer all!
Round the world, as lightnings glancing,
Let the Gospel splendours shine!
Earth, in heavenly joys entrancing,
Hail Thee conqueror, divine!

The Resurrection.

BY THE REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

In a sermon preached about twenty years ago, by the late Dr. Punshon, the following eloquent passage upon "Christ, the Resurrection and the Life," occurs. It will now come as a sweet

solace to many hearts, distressed by the removal of its eloquent author: "O, the glorious fullness of the idea of a completed resurrection, which at once ransoms the body from the grave and the soul from the foul sepulchre of sin. Do you wonder, brethren, that, like Paul of Athens, we should preach to you 'Jesus and the resurrection?' Is there not something in the tidings that thrills the heart of a believer, just as an emigrant's heart is stirred in some far distant settlement by a sweet song of home? Does not time appear a more solemn stewardship, and duty receive a richer stimulus, and the life that now is appear but a light thing in comparison with the life which that resurrection inspires? Dwell on this comforting thought, thou tempted and sorrowing believer, for it speaks encouragement and assurance to thee. Art thou a mourner? The sable which thou wearest is only the emblem of that darkness which has fallen upon Christ for thee. Is He gone—thy tender-hearted friend? Doth thy gentle wife no longer minister? Are thy children, entranced as by the basilisk eye, fallen into that trance that has no waking, and makes no parade of pain? O! let Jesus stand by thee, and as thou listenest to His inspiring word the frantic shall subside within thee into the hush of quiet sorrow; thy tears, if they gather still, shall gather silently; and thy frame shall feel the pulses of a glad hope, as when Nature stirs in the first blush of spring. If they and thou art alike in Jesus, thou hast not looked the last upon thy friends. Thou shalt see them again; not wan and shrunken, as when the latest smile played upon the face, and there was scarce strength left to ripple it from lip to eye, but in immortal bloom that knows no hectic of fever, and in fadeless youth that chills beneath no frost of age. And thou, brave wrestler against evil, often foiled, but who dost not cease in thine endeavour, take thou the comfort too, for Jesus is the resurrection for thee. Thy yielding faith, thy slavish fear, thy maddened freaks of passion were but the compromises of thy perverse and unworthy unbelief. All that makes up the foulness and corruption of thy moral death shall trouble thee no longer. Thine Easter shall be complete, and shall be glorious. Let thy faith fasten upon the Redeemer's perfect words. Let there be a glad response in thy heart when He says to thee, 'Believest thou this?' and there is nothing to hinder thine absolute and entire emergence out of the death of sin."

The City of God.

Glorious things are spoken of the *resources* of this city. In the economy of the world cities spring up, and grow in proportion to the wealth and enterprise of their inhabitants. While the means last and are judiciously applied, the cities continue to advance; but when the means are exhausted or cut off, they decline, and desolation ensues. But He who founded the city of God has all resources in his own hands. We learn from the Holy Scriptures that the gold and the silver are His; the sea is His, for He made it, and His hand formed the dry land; the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; the sun, moon, and stars are His; yea, heaven is His throne and earth His footstool. Again, *we* are His, for He is the maker of our frames, the father of our spirits, and the redeemer of our souls; and angels are His ministers to do His pleasure. Who, then, can stay His hand, or arrest the progress of His city? It was planned by unerring wisdom, is executed by omnipotence, tempered with unbounded goodness, and will be consummated with ineffable glory. Opposition to Him, whether from men or devils, avails nothing. Poverty, disease, and death, while they depopulate other cities, only hasten the building-up of His city. While banks are crashing, commerce is failing, and empires of earth are crumbling to atoms, the kingdom of Christ is rolling on in silent majesty, and subduing the nations to its sceptre of righteousness. Even the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath shall He restrain. Well might Dr. Hawes say: "Proud philosophy, contemptible infidelity, atheistical immorality, heretical depravity, and political Christianity may unite their forces in vain against the holy Child Jesus and his everlasting gospel, but the gates of hell shall not prevail against them. The persecuted Church will rise, like the phœnix, from her ashes, and coming forth from the furnace of affliction, leave only the dross behind."—*Bishop Morris.*

The Cold River.

An Alpine hunter on Mont Blanc, passing the *Mer de Glace*, lost his hold and slipped into one of those frightful crevasses by which the sea of ice is cleft to its foundations. By catching in his swift descent against the points of rocks and projections of ice, he broke his fall, so that he reached the bottom alive, but

only to face death in a more terrible form. On either hand the icy walls rose, above which he saw only a strip of blue sky. At his feet trickled a little brook formed from his slowly melting glacier. There was but one possible chance of escape—to follow this rivulet which might lead to some passage. In silence and fear he picked his way, down, down, till his further advance was stopped by a cliff that rose up before him, while the stream rolled darkly below. He heard the roaring of the waters which seemed to wait for him. What should he do? Death was beside him and behind him. There was no time for delay. He paused but an instant, and plunged into the stream. One moment of breathless suspense—a sense of darkness and coldness, and yet of swift motion, as if he were gliding through the shades below—and then a light began to glimmer faintly in the waters, and the next instant he was amid the green fields and the flowers and the summer sunshine of the vale of Chamouni.

So it is when believers die. They come to the bank of the river, and it is cold and dark. Nature shrinks from the fatal plunge. Yet one chilling moment, and all fear is left behind, and the Christian is amid the fields of the paradise of God.

Christ's Greatness.

The apathy of the age for the wisdom of the Redeemer is easily accounted for; for whatever is simple, whatever is really great, requires time before its majesty can be understood. The really great cathedral is not appreciated at once; some gay and gaudy pile will be admired first; and so, too, he who sees a snowy mountain for the first time is disappointed, it is not so large and grand as he expected, it appears as if he could, in half an hour, attain the summit; but when he tries to ascend it, then he finds its height; it is not until he has gone to a distance, and seen it from some standpoint ten, twenty, or a hundred miles removed, and finds it still there, in all the majesty and purity of its eternal repose, the monarch and the king of all around—it is not until then that he begins to feel for it something like affection. Precisely so, if it may be said with reverence, is the divine character of Christ. There is something almost amounting to blasphemy in the tone with which we dare to call Him God. God! yes, but to an extent and with a depth of reality which that expression does not reach. There are, perhaps, few

of us who do not remember what we thought of Christ when we were young. He seemed to us then as something commonplace; there was a poorness and a lack of brilliancy, for His was not the victory, or the triumph of the senator, or of the conqueror; and in our boyish love of enterprise, this simple life of Christ seemed to us tame and cold. But life has gone on, and we begin to understand, when disappointment has saddened the heart and grief has sobered it, when we have comprehended the littleness of all here below, when, after weary struggles, we find ourselves infinitely below one single thought that ever passed through His mind—we begin to understand that there is depth in that expression, "A greater than Solomon is here." We leave the men of the world to marvel and wonder at the Solomon of intellect and wealth, of success and influence; we have found a shrine at which our souls may worship the King whom we revere, the God whom we adore.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of His bounty.—*Paley.*

—It is better to have one God on your side, than a thousand creatures; as one fountain is better than a thousand cisterns.

—He that would see our religion in its native simplicity, purity, and glory, must study the character of our Lord and Saviour.

—Wherever you go, endeavour to carry with you a sense of God's presence, His holiness, and His love; it will preserve you from a thousand snares.

—Be not discouraged by past failures in duty; but confess to God, beg His interference, and try again: "The way of the Lord is strength to the upright."

—Troubles frequently meet us in the way of duty; they are designed to try our constancy, courage, and sincerity; think not I am going wrong, because tried; but wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.

—When God is about to bestow some great blessing on His Church, it is often His manner, so to order things in His providence as to show His Church their great need of it, and so put them upon crying earnestly to Him for it.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Hints to Persons about to Travel.

Year by year the number of Canadian visitors to the old historic lands of Europe increases. We have been repeatedly asked to give such the benefit of our experience. We have pleasure, in response, in giving a few practical hints which may be of service to intending tourists.

In the first place, we would say, Form a definite idea of where you want to go,—form your plan, and keep to it. You will accomplish more, with greater comfort, by carrying out a pre-arranged programme, than by the happy-go-lucky way of deciding on your route as you go along, or being diverted by whim or caprice from your plan. This, of course, requires thought, and the study of maps and guide-books, but every hour thus given brings its full reward.

A word as to guide-books. It is poor economy to try to do without them. Many a one spends from five hundred to one thousand dollars in travel, who grudges five or ten dollars for guide-books. A good guide-book, well studied, will double the enjoyment and profit, and will save many times its cost. By far the best are Baedeker's. There are separate ones for London, Paris, Northern, Central, and Southern Italy (one for each), Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, the Rhine, Northern and Southern Germany, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. They cost about $1.50 each, except the last two, which cost $4 and $5 respectively. They are convenient pocket manuals, abounding in route-maps, plans of cities, picture galleries, etc., and give just the information a traveller wants,—hotel rates, railway and steamboat fares, cab, omnibus, street car, and gondola tariff; how much to give porters and local custodians, guides, etc.; besides, of course, historical and art information and criticism. They tell you, even, which side of the railway car to sit to enjoy the view, and what pictures to study. We carried nine of them, and as soon as we were done with them sent them home by mail. They form a permanent library of reference. With these one can enter a strange city and find his hotel, and visit every object of interest without any trouble. In one railway carriage we have seen Baedeker's in three or four different languages, in use. They are constantly being revised, and the only mistake we discovered was the following: As we entered Rotterdam, a gentleman asked what hotel we were going to. We told him, and he asked permission to accompany us. We had no *impedimenta*, having left our luggage at Brussels, and set out, map in hand, to find the hotel, but on arriving at the place apparently shown on the plan, saw no sign of it. Strolling down the quay a few hundred yards, we came across it. "Has this hotel been removed," we asked; "how is it that Baedeker shows it just by the bridge?" "The hotel has not been moved," was the answer, "*but the bridge has.*" The next edition, however, would probably have the mistake corrected.

If Baedeker is too bulky, Murray is still more so, and Harper's guide-book is too clumsy—a big, bulky book. For a small book, Osgood's "Knapsack Guide" is decidedly the best, price $2. Cook's Tourists' Guide, price $1, is of little use. For England and Scotland, Black's Guide is the best, although Shaw's, smaller and cheaper guide, is also very good. Guide-books should be studied at home, or on shipboard, and the things you want to see marked. If you leave it till you are on the spot, you will be hurried and confused. We saw a couple of English girls on the top of a diligence, in one of the wildest passes of the Alps, desperately conning

the guide-book to know where they were, instead of being free to enjoy the magnificent scenery.

Of course, every Canadian will spend a good deal of time in London, which is a world in itself. A run north to York and Edinburgh, two of the most romantic and picturesque cities in Europe, should also be made. Then a ride through the Trosachs to Glasgow, including a stop at Stirling, shows the best of Scotland. Thence it is easy to cross to Belfast, and run down to Dublin, with, if time permit, visits to Londonderry and the lovely Lakes of Killarney. A run through North Wales, and a visit to Chester, will bring one back to Liverpool. As a matter of principle, we patronized temperance hotels where we could, and found them very comfortable, quiet, and economical. At most of them one may get a list of all those in the kingdom.

We would strongly recommend a run to the Continent, if only for a few days. One experiences a fine foreign flavour that he does not find in English-speaking lands. Three months would not exhaust London, yet it is better to give it only three weeks, and spend the rest of the time in getting vivid, if brief, impressions of other places. Paris is a lovely pleasure city. The route by Dieppe and Rouen, with a stop at the latter, is the pleasantest one. But we would prefer to curtail a visit at Paris, if necessary, to get a peep at Switzerland. Of gay, great cities one tires; but of the grand mountains of God, never. They awaken new conceptions of grandeur and sublimity such as we think nothing else on earth can. One may go direct to Geneva, or through Northern Italy, by the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The latter, of course, is best. There is a little risk in going to Rome and Naples in hot weather, but a dose of quinine daily is a good prophylactic against malarial fever. There is little danger, however, in a visit to Genoa, Pisa, Milan, Florence, Bologna, and Venice; and a sail on Lakes Como and Maggiore is an experience never to be forgotten. The finest pass over the Alps is the St. Gotthard, and it leads into the heart of Tell's country, and Lake Lucerne, the grandest scenery of Switzerland. If one cannot visit both Mont Blanc and the Yungfrau, the latter, as seen from the Lauterbrunnen Valley, is far the more sublime and beautiful, and is also more accessible by rail and steamer.

From Switzerland most travellers make direct for the Rhine, but the *detour* of a single day through the Black Forest, well repays the trouble. In the Rhine Valley one should stop at Strasburg, Coblentz and Cologne, but a *detour* to Frankfort, Worms, Mayence and Hiedelburg is highly desirable, and costs little time or money. In Holland and Belgium the old cities of Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, the Hague and Amsterdam with their magnificent art galleries are the chief objects. They lie close together, and can be done hastily in a week.

If one travels with Cook's, Tourjee's or Gaze's parties, he is saved much trouble, but we prefer doing it independently, and can do so a little more economically. But it is a considerable saving to purchase tickets at Cook's office, Ludgate Circus, London. One may select any route he pleases. Cook also issues hotel coupons entitling one to breakfast, dinner at 5 or 6 o'clock, and lodging at good hotels for $2 per day. Lunch one must get himself. Cook also gives circular notes or drafts which will be cashed at any of his hotels—a great accommodation, as it saves the time and trouble of waiting for banking hours.

In travelling by dilligence try to secure a place in the *coupe* or on the top. In the *interieure* it is, as Mrs. Stowe says, like trying to look out of the neck of a bottle. In steamers get as near amidships as possible to avoid the motion and jarring of the screw. In walking tours in Switzerland be sure to get an Alpenstock, it is a great assistance. Carry as little luggage as possible. One or two valises, that will go upon the luggage rack of the railway carriage, is much better than

a trunk. If you make but a short stay in a town you can leave large luggage at the station, receiving a ticket for which you pay 1d. or 2d. Cab fare on the continent is very cheap; in Rome about 20 cents a "course," that is, a single drive, or about 40 cents an hour for two or three persons. Do not ask the price. Learn what it is from the tariff and pay it, asking no questions. In England the habit of "tipping" is a nuisance, but a small gratuity, will almost anywhere secure polite attention. We came back with a better opinion of humanity, having received much kindness even from those whose only interest in us was a mercenary one. A little knowledge of French, Italian or German, is, of course, an advantage; but if one has a good English tongue in his head, and money in his purse, he can go anywhere and see everything. Travel in Europe is much cheaper than in the United States or England. A trip, such as we have outlined, extending over four months, can be made with comfort for $600 or $700.

The Revised Version of the New Testament.

The Revised Version for which both hemispheres have been so eagerly waiting is now in the hands of thousands of readers and is being examined with a keenness of criticism such as never book received before. At first sight it strikes one as strangely unfamiliar. There are no divisions into chapters and verses, these convenient sections being indicated by figures in the margin. The quotations from the poetical books of the Old Testament are printed in metrical form showing the paralellism of Hebrew poetry. When we come to examine more minutely, however, we find that it is not another Gospel, but, with slight verbal variations, the same old Gospel which is endeared to the heart of the English speaking race by a thousand tender recollections and hallowed associations. As we read some familiar passage we are struck by the numerous slight deviations from the Authorized Version—for the most part very slight—yet it requires only a meagre knowledge of the original text to convince one that they more clearly and exactly present the precise shade of thought than the readings which they will probably supersede.

We feel that no ruthless hand has been laid upon this venerable book; that it has been touched reverently and discreetly. Many of the changes are those of grammatical form; adapted to make the translation harmonize more exactly with the Greek text. For the most part the rich musical cadence of the Authorized Version is retained; but sometimes the omission of a word causes one to feel a slight jar as it were, a sense of loss which only new usage can overcome.

There is no effort made to get rid of the somewhat quaint and archaic forms which give such a character of venerable dignity to the King James' Version, unless indeed those forms have changed their meaning. In Matt 4. 24 we find a new turn given to the passage by the use of an old form, "and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden of divers diseases." The rich rhythm of the beatitudes is almost unchanged, but at verse 23 of the 5th chapter we have the reading "Whosoever shall say, thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire." A few passages are enclosed in brackets, as John 7 : 53, 8 ; 11, to indicate that they are omitted by the most ancient manuscripts. In John 5 : 3, 4, the account of the Angel of the Lord coming down to trouble the waters is placed in the margin as of doubtful authority. The omission of the doxology from the Lord's Prayer will strike many with a painful shock. It does not appear in any of the great Uncial manuscripts, nor is it quoted before the fourth century.

The parmount consideration, is of course, to present the Scriptures as accurately translated as the most profound learning and devout criticism can give them. To this all other considerations must give way. Loyalty to truth and to the God of truth demands nothing less. But these changes affect no single doc-

trine nor aspect of truth. Their very minuteness serves but to heighten our conception of the substantial accuracy of the grand old Bible which has nurtured the Protestant Christianity of the English-speaking race.

Some devout souls have expressed the fear that the New Version will unsettle the minds of the unstable and give occasion for scepticism to triumph. There can be no greater mistake. The result will be the very reverse. Never was the attention of Christendom so focussed upon the oracles of God as they are to-day. Never in the history of the world was the Bible so intently studied as it will be for years to come. It will receive freshness of interest and will be realized as the voice of God speaking to the soul of man, as never before. The demand for the new version is beyond all anticipation. Before the day of publication 800,000 copies were ordered in the cities of New York and Philadelphia alone. A Chicago newspaper announced that it would print the whole book in successive issues and by the efforts of rival publishers it will be scattered like the leaves of autumn, at a merely nominal cost. Never was such profound, and learned, and protracted study devoted to a book in the history of the race. For ten years forty-eight of the ablest Biblical scholars in Great Britain and America gave their best energies without fee or reward to this grandest work, we believe, of the century in which we live. We anticipate from this quickened and intensified interest in the Holy Scriptures the most gracious and hallowed results.

Our Publishing House.

The business enterprise of our Book and Publishing House has attracted much attention during the past year. It is a surprise to many persons, even our own Church, that it is one of the largest publishing establishments in the Dominion, indeed, it has been asserted that in the amount of work turned out it is *the* largest. During the past year, ending 1st of April, the issues of its presses have been over 100,000 bound volumes. Of these 50,000 were copies of the New Hymn Book, in five different editions. Of the others several were large octavo volumes, as Dr. Ryerson's "History of the U. E. Loyalists," in two large volumes of 1,058 pages in all, and Cornish's "Cyclopædia of Methodism," of 850 pages. Assuming these books to average only one inch in thickness, they would make a pile 8,000 feet high—several hundred feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, and the printed pages placed end to end would extend over 4,000 miles.

Besides this there were issued 11,000,000 pages of this Magazine and of the Sunday-school periodicals, and 4,000,000 pages of the "Christian Guardian—equal to 50,000 printed pages of periodicals for every working day in the year, or 5,000 for every working hour. If to this be added the bound books it makes the number of printed pages 200,000 a day, or 20,000 per hour. The importance of the wide diffusion of this vast amount of direct religious teaching which has been disseminated throughout the extent of this Dominion, only the great day shall reveal.

The enterprise of the House was also strikingly signalized in the fact that it was the very first in the Province, and probably in the Dominion, to receive and distribute the Revised Edition of the New Testament. The cases arrived on the evening of the 21st. The store was kept open to a late hour to supply the eager demand for advance copies. Late as it was, the orders by mail were sent to post, and in several of the city churches, on Sunday, the lessons were read from advanced copies of the Revised Version, furnished by this House. The greatest interest was manifested by the congregations, and it was remarked that seldom have the lessons been so closely followed as on that day. The rustling of the pages was like the flutter of a flock of doves.

The trade generally, and private buyers may thus understand that our Book-room will not be behind any house in the country in supplying with the utmost despatch all de-

mands in any legitimate line of business.

Another instance of despatch, unequalled we think, in the publishing annals of the country, is furnished in the promptness with which the "Companion to the Revised Version" reviewed in our Book Notices was passed through the press. This book of 220 pages was put in type, proofs read and corrected three times, and printed and bound in the short space of 42 hours. When it is remembered that a considerable portion of the foot notes of this book were in Greek text, which required careful reading, the fact will be found all the more remarkable.

The Rev. W. Briggs, Book Steward, has secured the exclusive copyright of this important work in the Canadian market, and the wholesale trade will be supplied solely through him. He has also become sole agent for the Dominion, for the numerous publications of I. K. Funk & Co., including Dr. Young's great Concordance, Godet's and Van Doren's Commentaries, Knight's well-known History of England, in two folio volumes, and over sixty other valuable works. All orders for these books from the Dominion sent to the New York publishers are returned to this house to be filled. By arrangement with other English and American houses, Mr. Briggs has become exclusive Canadian agent, or Publisher of a large number of new and important works.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF VOLUME XIV.

We are glad to be able to announce a very attractive series of articles for the forthcoming volume of this Magazine. Among its striking features will be a series of handsomely illustrated papers on the following subjects: "Jottings in the East," by the Rev. D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., with numerous engravings of the Sea of Galilee, Damascus and Athens. "Climbing Mount Washington," by Professor Blackie. "The Yellow Tiber," by Grace Green. "Scenes in China and Japan." "Footprints of Luther." "Picturesque Canada," and "The Voyage of the Polaris," the exploring ship, whose crew drifted during a hundred and ninety days, sixteen hundred miles on an ice floe,—all handsomely illustrated.

Among the other prominent articles will be a paper on our inheritance in the Great North-West, kindly contributed by Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, who has traversed the Dominion "from Ocean to Ocean;" a paper promised by the Rev. President Nelles, of Victoria University; papers by Rev. Professor Shaw, of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal; a series of brief Life Sketches, of prominent deceased members of our Church, late Judge Wilmot, James B. Morrow, Robert Wilkes, Rev. Geo. Macdougall and others, by such writers as Rev. J. Lathern, A. Nicolson, Dr. Hunter, and Dr. Carroll. A series of critical papers of much value, on the Revised Version of the New Testament will also be presented. The Editor will conclude his story of "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs," which will be still further illustrated; and his series of "Men Worth Knowing," which have been received with much favour. Among the subjects treated will be Gustavus Adolphus, the Protestant Hero of Sweden; Heroes and Martyrs of the Scottish Covenant, and of the French Camisards; George Fox, and the Quakers; Roger Williams and New England Persecution, and Charles Goodyear; or the Trials of an Inventor.

With the July number will be given a steel portrait of the late Dr. Punshon, with a biographical sketch, by the Editor of the English *Wesleyan Magazine*, and a tribute to his character, by the Rev. Dr. Douglas. We hope to present papers of personal recollections of Dr. Punshon, by writers who enjoyed relations of special intimacy with him.

We believe that this volume will surpass in interest any previous issue. The present year has thus far been one of the most prosperous of the history of the Magazine. We trust our friends will endeavour to still further increase its circulation. Our special offer of our $1 20 premium, "Matthew Mellowdew," for 30 cents is still open. For $4 10 the MAGA-

ZINE and *Guardian* and *both* premiums will be sent to any address, being $6 40 worth at full price Now is a favourable time to subscribe. The back numbers from January can still be supplied.

THE THAMES' TRAGEDY.

Never in the history of Canada, save in the most sanguinary battles of the War of 1812-'15, has such a calamity befallen the country as that which, on the 24th of May, turned a day of national rejoicing into one of lamentation and woe. No element of the deepest tragedy was lacking. In a moment a gay and happy holiday throng became a struggling mass of crushed, maimed, and drowning victims of criminal recklessness. Greater pathos is added to the sad event from the large number of young people in the bloom of strength and beauty who were thus cut off untimely. Many a home is desolate, and to many a heart the returning holiday will bring memories of poignant anguish. The bare record in the papers of bereaved parents seeking for their little children and husbands for their wives, stirs the fountain of tears. Scarce a family in the city had not relations or friends involved in the dreadful disaster, and the whole country is moved to profoundest sympathy. Among the lost are several members of our own Church and readers of this Magazine. God comfort, with the consolations of His grace, the hearts of all the stricken mourners.

The sorrow is all the harder to bear on account of the preventible nature of the disaster and the criminal negligence by which it was caused. We dare not arraign the Providence of God for His mysterious dispensations; but it would be impious to cast upon Him the blame for human recklessness. If commercial greed is permitted to prepare a floating coffin for hundreds of innocent victims, God will not work a miracle to prevent the consequences. It is the obligation of the law, or rather of our law-makers, to protect the people against the perils of inland navigation, of which many of them are unaware or forgetful, by the rigorous inspection of every vessel to which human lives are entrusted; and by the prevention, under heavy penalties, of crowding them beyond the limits of safety. In connection with excursion travel on all our inland waters exist conditions which may, any day bring upon the community a tragedy such as has plunged into grief our sister city. Toronto and Montreal are especially exposed to this peril, one with its open and often stormy lake, the other with its rapid river, and both from the number of their summer excursionists. For the past we can only have tears and vain regrets. For the future we should have the most firm and rigorous prevention of the possibility of a disaster, which, after such fearful warning would become not an accident, but a crime.

Once more this sad event speaks with solemn emphasis to each of us, "In the midst of life we are in death." There is but a step between us and the great Beyond. How circumspectly, therefore, should we walk, as on the very edge of the other world, in a state of continual preparedness for the summons, no matter how swift or sudden, from time to eternity.

FROM THE ANTIPODES.

One of the largest and best edited papers we have seen is the *Australasian*, published at Melbourne, Australia. It is a large 32 page weekly, with a 12 page supplement, five columns to the page; equal to about 160 closely printed 8vo. pages. The departments of literature, politics, art, criticism, humour, are admirably filled. Not outside of London we think can be found higher class journalism. Thus Greater Britain in the antipodes promises to maintain with credit the literary traditions of the Motherland.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Punshon has cast a dark cloud over the Methodist world. From the human stand-point no death could be more deplored, but the Parent Body, of which he was such a distinguished member, especially feels the loss. Dr. Punshon was greatly missed at the May Meetings in London, where the announcement of his name was always most cordially received. In life Dr. Punshon rose rapidly to the foremost place among his brethren, and he has been early crowned with immortal glory.

The Parent Body is fulfilling its mission most gloriously by attention to Home Missions. Some of its noblest trophies have been won in the villages of England. The labour devolving upon the ministers who labour as Home Missionaries is very great as they go from village to village, usually preaching four or five evenings in the week in addition to Sabbath labours. As they cannot keep horses, some of the missionaries have procured tricycles, by which mode of conveyance they can travel from place to place with considerable rapidity.

Another feature of English Methodism is worthy of notice—the formation of "Junior Society Classes." Such classes belong to the Church, and not to the Sunday-School. They are widely distinguished from Bible Classes, though Bible instruction necessarily enters largely into the conduct of them. Their key principle is the cultivation of personal Christian experience, so far as it lies within the sphere of child-nature and child-life. They are conducted by leaders approved by the leader's meeting. A "desire to flee from the wrath to come" entitles to membership. The classes are met once a quarter by one of the circuit ministers, and a special token of membership is given to each person. This token is exchanged for a full "Society Ticket," when the recipient has reached an age and evidenced an experience suitable to full membership in the Church. Where these classes have been in operation a few years, the young people have, almost without exception, passed into full membership.

The work of God has been greatly interrupted in Africa by the Boer war, but no missionary has fallen. At Clarkebury, which has been destroyed, the missionary refused to leave his post, and though many feared that his life would be sacrificed, he passed through the danger safely, and by his heroism the mission property was all saved.

At one missionary meeting, the Rev. M. C. Osborne, one of the General Secretaries, gave an account of his visit to the West Indies. His tour embraced Demarara, Antigua, St. Thomas, Jamaica, and other islands. He was satisfied that the work there was such as should call forth devout gratitude. The 50,000 members in the West Indies, the 150,000 attendants on public worship, the 50,000 children in the schools, are some of the evidences that the labours of God's servants have not been in vain.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Ecumenical Conference has awakened unusual interest among our American brethren. Bishops, presidents of colleges, editors of various church organs, and distinguished missionaries in foreign lands, are amongst the honoured representatives who will soon meet in the Cathedral of Methodism—City Road Chapel, London. The selection of the laity has also been wisely made. Indeed, from all branches

of Methodism in the Western World, including Canada, the representatives, both lay and clerical, will reflect great credit on their constituents.

The statistics published in the Methodist Year Book give a grand exhibit of the denomination, in which there are 13 Bishops, 17,111 churches valued at $64,000,000; 5,782 parsonages valued at $8,500,000. It has nearly 12,000 ministers, and more than the same number of local preachers, and 3,319,193 members; 139 ministers died last year, and 21,350 members. The mission work is very extensive. It has 211 American missionaries in foreign fields, and 1,336 local preachers. There are 35,000 members on the various mission stations. The contributions of the denomination for all purposes for 1880 reached nearly $15,000,000. The Publishing Department contains a list of 3,930 book and tract publications, and its total sales for the past publishing year reached $1,465,523, more than $800,000 of which were the sales of the New York concern.

On the authority of Captain M'Cabe, Methodist churches are built in the United States at the rate of three per day; the increase of ministers is at the rate of two per diem, and the increase of Sunday Schools is fourteen, with eighty-five teachers and one thousand scholars for every Sunday in the year.

Methodist Church of Canada.

The sudden withdrawal by the Government of Nova Scotia of a grant of $2,400 from the Methodist College at Sackville, must involve the board of managers in embarrassment. We hope the Methodists in the Lower Provinces will render such speedy help as the exigencies of the case demand. Though now doing a good work for the country, they are wholly depending on the Methodist people for support. We trust that they will prove themselves equal to the emergency.

Our brethren in Newfoundland have been favoured with "Showers of Blessing." At Carbonear the minister has received some 300 as the fruit of a revival. At another place more than 100 professed conversion.

One circuit in Nova Scotia has increased its membership fifty per cent., and the funds have also greatly increased. Some of the people have manifested great sympathy for their pastors by presenting them with donation visits to assist their meagre allowances.

The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, earnestly appeals through the columns of the *Missionary Outlook*, on behalf of the McDougall Orphanage Hundreds who knew the sainted man whose name is thus perpetuated, could surely contribute towards this institution. We are glad that several Sabbath-Schools are adopting the constitution for juvenile associations recommended by the Missionary Board. If all, or the majority of Sunday-Schools would do so, not only would the funds of the Missionary Society be considerably augmented, but the children would thus be trained to support missions.

The extensive emigration which is going on all over, Ontario especially, will no doubt lessen the working forces of some circuits. Greater zeal will have to be displayed by those who remain, while the staff of agents should be largely increased in the Canadian Eldorado, Manitoba, but such increase can only be accomplished by means of a large increase of missionary income. Let the Church devise liberal things.

Victoria University Convocation.

Convocation week is always a season of more than ordinary interest in Cobourg. Those who have completed their curriculum and have received their degree, take their departure to enter upon such vocations as they have chosen, and others visit their homes glad that they have a season of vacation, so that they may return with increased vigor to their beloved studies. Former students also have re-visited their *Alma Mater*, and the friends of the College generally are full of delight as they behold evidences of the pros-

perity of the Institution in whose welfare they have been so much interested for years.

The Sabbath services on the 15th inst., were of a most hallowed kind, and well suited to give tone to the proceedings of the week. The sermon before the Theological Union, by the Rev. Dr. Ryckman, on the Call to the Ministry, was timely and appropriate, and when published, as it will soon be, all our readers, especially those who may contemplate entering the holy work of preaching the Gospel, would do well to ponder its thoughtful utterances Parents who wish to give their sons to the Church might learn some useful lessons by making themselves acquainted with its contents, indeed, we hardly think that any person can read this admirable discourse without being much profited.

The sermon preached in the evening was by the gifted President of the University, the Rev. Dr. Nelles. He took for the theme of his discourse, "the cloud of witnesses, to the men of faith who out of weakness were made strong." The discourse was well suited to the occasion as it was full of wise counsels to the young men who composed the graduating class, one of whom was the President's own son. The reminiscences given by the preacher were very affecting, more especially those relating to Dr. Punshon and the last service which he conducted in that Church, when he discoursed so eloquently on the words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them," words which he, Dr. Nelles, commended to the graduating class, as he bade them an affectionate farewell.

The lectures during the week by Rev. Dr. Burns, of the Ladies' College, Hamilton, on "Obligations of Theology to Science;" "Lower Organisms in Fermentation and Disease," by Prof. Wright, also from the Ladies'College; and "Cosmopolitan," by Mr. Barrett, were all of a high order. That of Dr. Burns was especially commended as it was so *apropos* to the present time. It is indeed a great honour to Victoria University that she has produced persons of such distinguished merit as some who are now occupying foremost positions in various parts of the land.

The more social gatherings of the week, were an entertainment by the Literary Society, at which Dr. Lavell presided; the meeting of the Alumni, where an appropriate address was delivered by J. E. Rose, Esq.; the Alumni dinner at the Adelphi, where all the toasts were drank in cold water, and the Converzatione which was a charming display of youth and beauty. The Convocation in the Victoria Hall was the grand *finale*. The Valedictory by Mr. Hill, on "General Wolfe," was an admirable oration couched in beautiful language and having the right loyal ring, was received with warm applause.

Altogether the Convocation of 1881 will be regarded as being equal to any that have preceded it. We were pleased to hear the President announce that five gold medals and five silver medals were in future to be awarded to such students who excel in the various departments of the curriculum, and that a gentleman who at present withholds his name has intimated his intention to endow a chair with $25,000. Dr. Rose also announced that he knew of three additional subscriptions of $1,000 each on behalf of the Endowment Fund.

The closing exercises at the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, were also of delightful interest. The Revs. Dr. Williams and J. Wakefield by their admirable addresses contributed greatly to their success. Twenty-three students have been in attendance and the year, we understand, has been an exceedingly prosperous one.

Of the Sackville College we have not as yet received a report.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Cyclopædia of Methodism in Canada. By the Rev. GEORGE H. CORNISH, with an introduction by the Rev. Dr. Carroll. Large 8vo., pp. 850. Illustrated. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House; Halifax: Methodist Book Room. Price, embossed cloth, $4.50. Library, sheep, $5.

This book is a monument of the unflagging industry and accurate research for years of its accomplished author. It is, in its way, quite unique. We do not believe that any Church in Christendom has such a complete statistical record of all its institutions, circuits, missions, and ministers as that before us. The author's task was the more difficult from the complex nature of the organization of our Church, and the diverse origin of its different parts. The plan he has adopted secures fulness and accuracy of detail, and facility of reference. He gives first the complete statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, "the mother of us all," from 1791 to 1833, and of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, from 1833 to 1874. He gives then the statistics of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Eastern British America, and of the Methodist New Connexion Church in Canada, up to 1874. At that time these separate streams combined in the Methodist Church of Canada, then organized. The statistics of this Church are then given in detail under its different Conferences.

In addition to this, the history of the Book and Publishing establishments, with their eight periodicals, is given, including a reprint of Dr. Ryerson's jubilee editorial in the *Guardian*, and Dr. Dewart's jubilee verses. The history of the twelve educational institutions of Methodism is then given with great fulness of detail; and a necrological record of the ministers of these bodies who have died since 1791, together with every possible tabular statement of ministers, members, Sunday-schools, and missionary, superannuated and other funds, and gen-general summary of Methodism throughout the world. Though not at all rhetorical this book abounds more in figures than any other we ever examined. Yet it is not exclusively statistical. The author's introductions to the several sections give much interesting and useful information. We would like to see more continuous records such as that of the Rev. J. H. Robinson, of the former New Connexion Conference; but the book has already exceeded by several hundred pages its anticipated limits, yet without increase of price to purchasers. The introduction by Dr. Carroll gives the most compendious epitome of Methodism in Canada to be anywhere found. The book is embellished with twenty-six engravings; among them a fine artotype portrait of the author, portraits of leading ministers, views of mission premises and educational institutions, and a beautiful engraving of the Metropolitan Church. For years we have found Cornish's smaller "Hand-book of Canadian Methodism," the germ of this larger work, an exceedingly valuable and accurate book of reference. But that is, in every respect, far surpassed by this large and handsome volume, which is also, in mechanical execution, the best specimen of book manufacture yet issued from our Connexional press.

Christian Institutions—Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 326. Harper & Brothers and Wm. Briggs. Price, 60 cents.

The first Essay in this book is the somewhat famous one on Baptism, which gave such delight to our Baptist friends, because the learned author conceded the antiquity of Immersion and Adult Baptism, and

such umbrage because he justified the practice of sprinkling and pædobaptism. We think the learned Dean has conceded too much on this question. In the chapter on the Catacombs, in this volume, he asserts that they are the best testimony we have of the belief and practice of the primitive Church; that, indeed, "the Catacombs are the Pompeii of early Christianity." Elsewhere he says, "He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen." Yet the testimony of the Catacombs respecting the mode of baptism is altogether in favour of aspersion or affusion. All their pictured representations of the rite indicate this mode, for which alone the early fonts were adapted; nor is there any early art evidence of baptismal immersion. It seems incredible, if the latter were the original and exclusive mode, of apostolic or even Divine authority, that it should have left no trace in the earliest and unconscious art-record, and have been supplanted therein by a new unscriptural and unhistoric method. It is true that in the 5th and 6th centuries, when many corrupt and unwarranted usages were introduced into the Church, baptism by immersion was practised with many superstitions and unseemly rites—as exorcism, insufflation, unction, confirmation, the gift of milk and honey, the administration of the eucharist even to infants, trine immersion of the unclothed subject, and other customs which caused much scandal; but in the beginning it was not so. The fonts found in the Catacombs are quite too small for immersion. The largest, hewn out of the solid rock, is only 36 inches long, 32 wide, and 40 deep, and is seldom near full of water. The fonts in the ancient baptisteries at Pisa, Florence, and Rome, are also adapted only for affusion. The testimony of the Catacombs is also very clear as to the fact that children of tender years were the subjects of this rite; and Irenæus, in the 2nd century, expressly speaks of infants—"*infantes*"—being baptized, and Origen plainly records the same—*Parvuli baptizantur in remissionem peccatorum.* (Hom. 14, in Luc.) We have given, in our book on the Catacombs, the evidence in full, with copies of the ancient pictures and inscriptions. The accomplished Dean must have overlooked these facts in his apparently cursory study of the Catacombs.

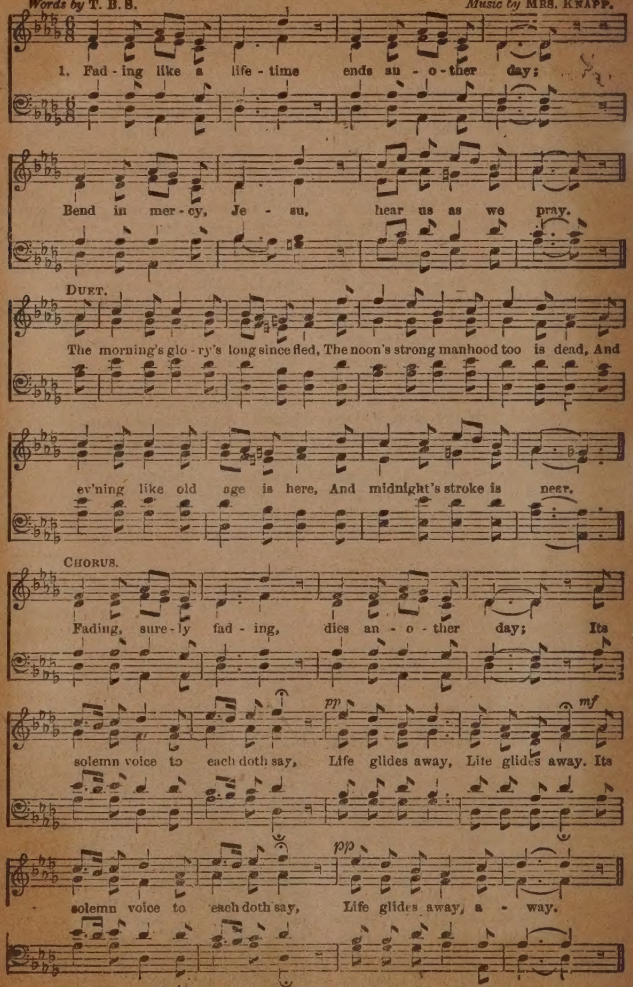
Among the other subjects which he treats with his accustomed eloquence and harmony, are the Eucharist, with its historic corruptions, the Basilica, the Clergy, the Pope, the Litany, the Creed of the Early Christians, Ecclesiastical Vestments, and others of similar interest and importance. This is the first issue of a volume of his writings at such an exceedingly low price.

Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament. By ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D., a member of the English New Testament Company, with *a Supplement*, by a Member of the American Committee of Revision, 12mo., pp. 220. Price, paper, 30 cents, cloth, 65 cents. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House.

No book has ever given rise to so many, such varied and such eager inquiries as the Revised Version of the English New Testament. This "Companion" answers almost all the reasonable questions which can be asked upon this subject. It is simply indispensable to a full comprehension of the reasons which made the New Revision a necessity, and also the reasons for the changes made in the Authorized Version. The sources of the varied readings are set forth and the history and character of the Sacred text given. The almost innumerable changes made are grouped into classes and the more important ones are described and accounted for one by one. The American Reviser gives a sort of inside view of the Revision Committee, and exhibits the number and character of the American suggestions, both those accepted and those rejected.

HYMN FOR NIGHTFALL.

Words by T. B. S. *Music by* MRS. KNAPP.


1. Fad - ing like a life - time ends an - o - ther day;
Bend in mer - cy, Je - su, hear us as we pray.
DUET.
The morning's glo - ry's long since fled, The noon's strong manhood too is dead, And
ev'ning like old age is here, And midnight's stroke is near.
CHORUS.
Fading, sure - ly fad - ing, dies an - o - ther day; Its
pp
mf
solemn voice to each doth say, Life glides away, Life glides away. Its
pp
solemn voice to each doth say, Life glides away, a - way.

2 Just beyond the nightfall comes another day;
Thou in glory throned, hear us as we pray.
The grave is not the end of all,
Our souls shall hear a trumpet call—
The summons to a grander state,
When faith's reward is great.
From beyond death's nightfall shines another day;
"If ye would live," faith hears it say, "Love, work, and pray."